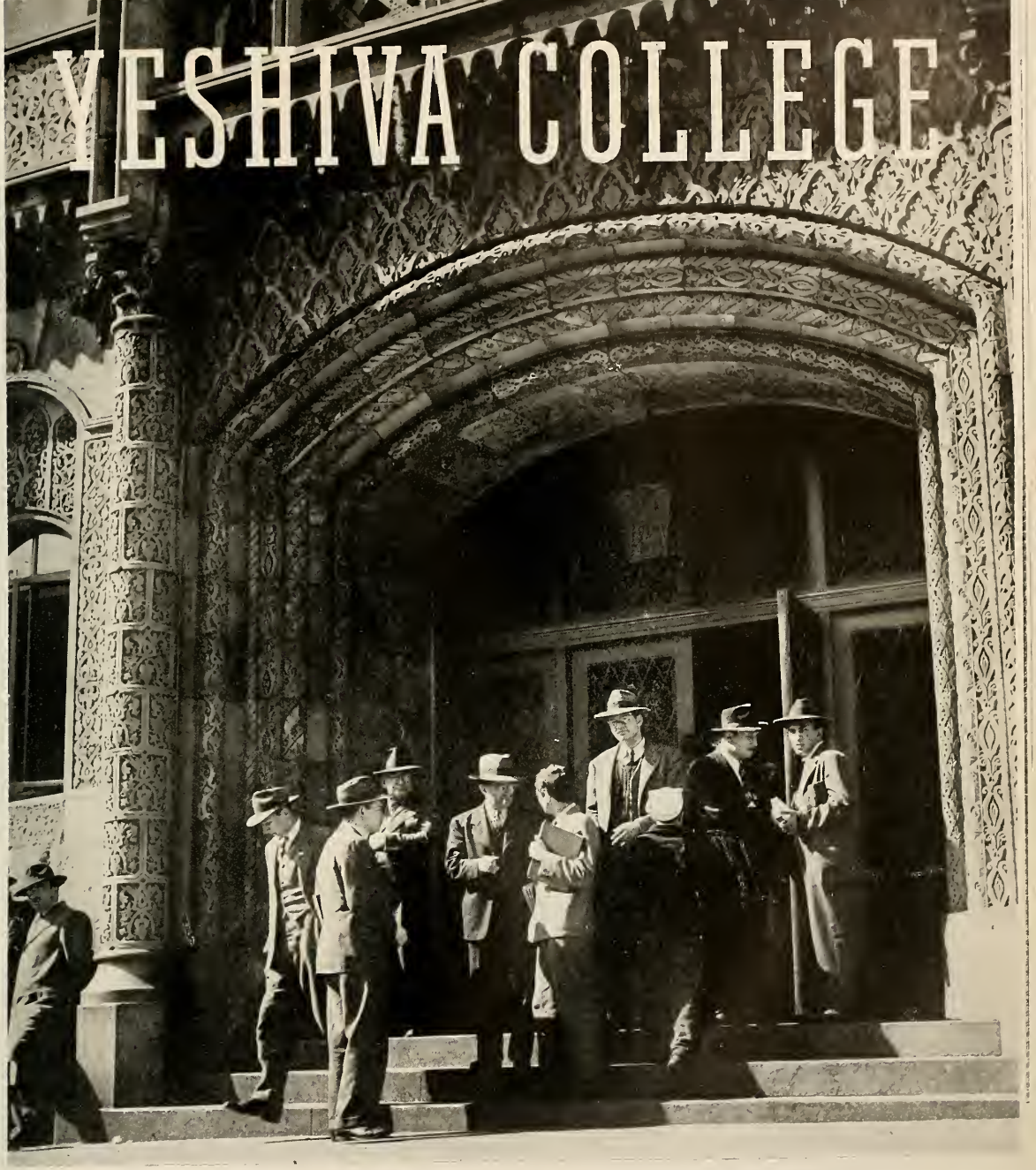
YESHIVA COLLEGE

JUNE - 1945

YESHIVA COLLEGE



STUDENT ANNUAL PUBLICATION

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF JUNE '45

PRESENTS

THE

Under Editorship
of
ISAAC B. FRIEDMAN

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Dedication

☆

Late Chaplain
LOUIS WERFEL

Late Pvt.
LEONARD KLAPPHOLTZ

Late Pvt.
JEROME ROBBINS

If I should die,
Oh God,
I ask but this—
that in the midst of
all the noise and smell—
the hungry whine of the bullets—
the exploding shells—
the loud shouts, and
screams ripped out of
throats above
open stomachs
slowly, oozing gut;
the sickening sweet smell
of half-charred bodies
(Surely not your handiwork)
with the sweat running down your
armpits and your leaden arms and
legs gradually blissfully numbing
and your fingers clutching the
heated rifle and your insides
knotted into a tight ball of fear,
and the glaze before your eyes
making everything so
horribly unreal yet so real
at the same time—
When suddenly
It happens—
and you are no more . . .
All I ask for, God,
in the brief second before
Eternity swallows me up—
a glimpse of the world
That Is To Be—
Where no man need make prayer
like mine—
Then will I know
There is meaning
amidst this man-made madness . . .

—*By the Late* JEROME ROBBINS.

Dedication

☆

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages . . .

—SHAKESPEARE.

☆ ☆

The weary vistas of time fade into the dim obscurity and lingering forgetfulness of history's spent yesterdays. One bulwark alone stands immutable against the annihilating ravages of heedless time — the all-encompassing reservoir of memory. The printed word has ever served to buttress this sacred fount. Here, then, we record for all time our poignant sorrow at the loss of three valourous champions of freedom's cause, of three warmhearted friends. Here, too, we set forth for everlasting ages the incontrovertible faith which inspired them.

No amount of eulogizing will compensate for our loss. No words of solace will ever bridge the timeless chasm separating us from the living, laughing friends we knew. We can still recall with what exacerbating fury one tragic report followed the next, leaving us with a desolate impotence and a crying heart. But when strident blasts of hatred, cruelty, and persecution will have ceased to be, then "from these honored dead we will take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion."

To your sacred memories — JEROME ROBBINS, LEONARD KLAPPHOLZ, RABBI LOUIS WERFEL — *we dedicate this Masmid.*

Serving Our G–d

Alumnae, Faculty, Undergraduates

Capt. Hyman L. Aranoff, M.C.

PFC. I. S. Bard

Chaplain Ephraim Bennett

Chaplain Morris Besdin

Chaplain Samuel Blinder

PFC. Jacob Bronstein

Chaplain Lawrence Charney

Chaplain Aaron Dechter

Arnold Drasin

Pvt. J. Drillick

Chaplain Milton H. Elefant

Pvt. Irving Ehrenthal

Isaiah J. Eisenberg, A.S.

Chaplain B. J. Elefant

Pvt. Herman Engelberg

Chaplain Louis Engleberg

S/Sgt. William H. Freed

S/Sgt. Charles Friedman

Chaplain David I. Golovensky

A/C Arthur Gorenstien

Chaplain Sidney Greenberg

Cpl. Av. Richard Green

Cpl. Theodore Gross

Pvt. Morris Hurwitz

Solomon Joseph Hasiuk

Sgt. Justin Heineman

Lt. Meyer Heller

Sgt. Louis Henkin

Chaplain Jacob Hochman

Pvt. Haskel Hollander

Capt. Marvin Hurewitz, M.C.

Sgt. Herbert Hurwitz

Lt. Aaron Kaplan

Solomon Kaplan, Seabees

S 2/c Seymour Katz

Cpl. A. William Katz

Pvt. Stanley Kessler

CWO. Wm. D. Kaufman

Lt. Aaron Kellner

Pvt. Chaim Koenigsberg

Chaplain Alfred J. Kolatch

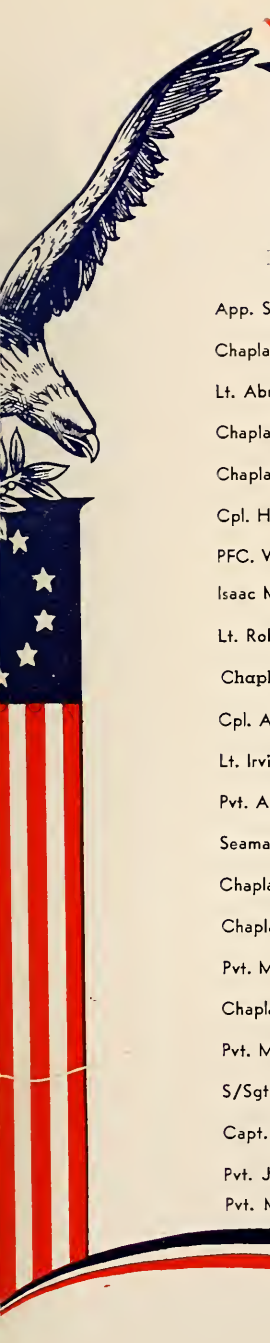
Pvt. Morris Krieger

Lt. A. Leo Levin

Pvt. Murray Leitner

Chaplain J. H. Lief

Pvt. Jack Levy



And Our Country

now serving in the armed forces

App. Seaman Sol Lehrman

Chaplain Emanuel Lifschitz

Lt. Abraham Luchins

Chaplain Ephraim Mandelcorn

Chaplain Hugo Mantel

Cpl. H. Margolis

PFC. Wm. Margolis

Isaac Marienstraus

Lt. Robert Marmorstein

Chaplain Isreal Miller

Cpl. Arnold J. Miller

Lt. Irving R. Newman

Pvt. Abraham Novick

Seaman Joseph Peyser

Chaplain E. Rackman

Chaplain I. Rackowsky

Pvt. Myron L. Reis

Chaplain Herbert Ribner

Pvt. Milton Richman

S/Sgt. Leo Robinns

Capt. I. B. Rose

Pvt. Julius Rosenthal

Pvt. Melvin Rossman

S/Sgt. Leon Rubinstein

Pvt. Norman Samson

PFC. Eli Sar

Pvt. Malcolm Schrader

Pvt. Martin Scherr

Chaplain Herschel Schachter

Frank Schonfeld (Maritime Service)

Pvt. Mortimer J. Sklarin

Tch. Bernard Schrenzel

Chaplain Simon Shoop

Chaplain Meyer A. Siegel

Chaplain Norman Siegel

Cadet George Silver

Pvt. M. J. Sklarin

PFC. Irving Stern

Pvt. Morris Sukenik

Leo Usdan

Chaplain Aaron Walden

Lt. Aaron Waldman

Lt. Abraham Walker

PFC. Jack Walker

Chaplain Max Wall

PFC. Abraham Weinberg

Sgt. Morris Weinberg

Chaplain Lewis Weintraub

Lt. Erwin Zolt

In Memoriam

This tribute to the great humanitarian leader of our generation is being penned on the very day that joyous peels of exaltation resound throughout the country in celebration of the unconditional surrender of Nazi Germany. It saddens us to entertain this sobering thought in the midst of victory. In victory, we have sustained an enormous loss. With Xerxes we exclaim, "One more such victory will spell utter ruin!" And in our earnest endeavor to prevent such future disasters, let us look back to the man who guided the nation to within sight of the "promised land." Let us look back to him—and let us look up to him. For posterity will walk in the paths that he prepared and posterity will strive for the goal that he set—freedom, all embracing, G-d-given freedom, directed towards the physical and spiritual enhancement of all mankind.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was the illustrious star on our horizon. Countless years will pass and still his imperishable memory will continue to serve as a beacon to the children of those he so faithfully served. If misery and destitution should stalk the peoples of the world, they shall look to his mighty efforts in alleviating the suffering of a prostrate nation; if misfortune and disease should strike, they shall look to this valiant soul who overcome a malignant physical infirmity by perseverance and hardiness; if bigotry, persecution, and bestiality should run rampant, they shall look to this ardent humanitarian who led and won the battle against the most insidious, inhuman aggressor of all times. And when the peoples of the earth shall seek the end of all strife and the brotherhood of all men, then they shall look to his "freedoms" and to his visions for world peace.

The eyes of the world are firmly fixed on Franklin Delano Roosevelt as we dedicate ourselves to the hard struggle that lies ahead.

To the graduating class of '45

The day upon which you have looked with natural joy and expectation has finally arrived. The experience of graduation is always the most pleasant in one's life. But this day of joy is also a day of seriousness and contemplation, for great joys which come with achievement are as a rule the most serious. In days of supreme intellectual delight there comes to one's inner self a moment of solemness when words of advice are gladly heard and easily understood.

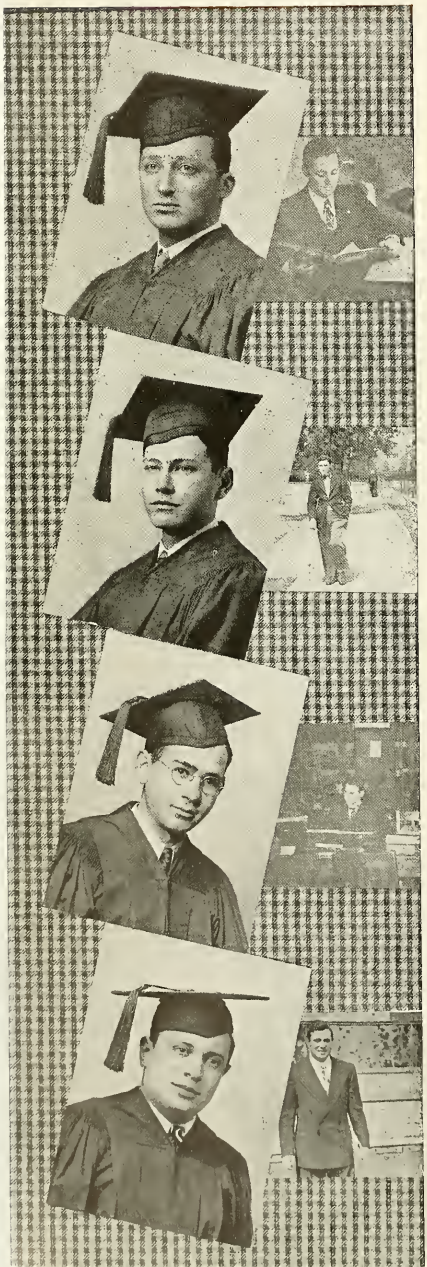
Many of you will forget the particular subjects which you have studied here, but all of you will and should remember that you have spent four years in an ideal society, in a community of scholars. You have spent your college days in the company of the physicist and classicist, the philosopher and the historian, the scientist and the mathematician and above all in the company of spiritual and intellectual guides. You have come in contact with vigorous personalities, and your companionship in spiritual and intellectual pursuits will be the most lasting impression and most cherished memories of your formal education.

By your conduct, by your firmness to uphold the eternal traditions of Israel, the merits of yourself as well as your alma mater will be judged. Let those who would like to overthrow the ideals of our institution know that you are in the ranks of those who oppose them. You, the graduates of the College, will need to take part in the struggle for the survival of traditional Judaism because the problems of today demand your service. for you, alone, are fully-equipped with all the modern tools at our command and, you, alone possess the knowledge of our traditional heritage to carry on this gigantic spiritual fight.

It is our duty to make America the center of resurrection of all the lofty ideals which were transmitted to us from generation to generation. Upon you rests the responsibility of assuming the educational, intellectual and spiritual leadership of American Jewry.

SAMUEL BELKIN, President
Yeshiva and Yeshiva College

SENIORS



APPLEMAN, MORRIS
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AUERBACH, BERNARD
NEW YORK, N. Y.

BECKERMAN, MEYER
BRONX, N. Y.

BERMAN, SHOLIM, RABBI
NEW YORK, N. Y.

BESDIN, ABRAHAM

NEW YORK, N. Y.

BLECH, SAMUEL

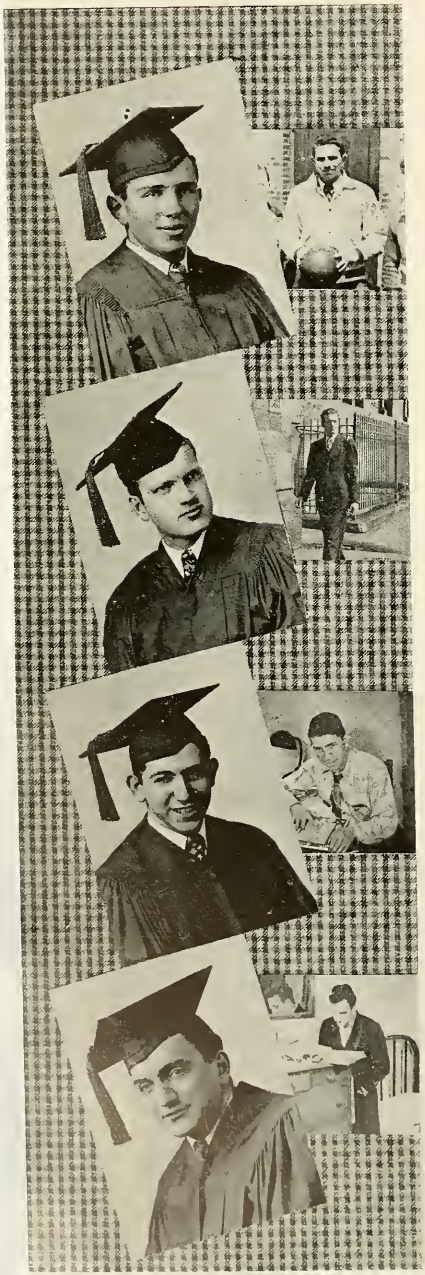
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BLOOM, MARVIN

DETROIT, MICH.

CHINITZ, BENJAMIN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.



DOPPELT, STANLEY

BRONX, N. Y.

EIDELSBERG, WILLIAM

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

ELEFANT, ELIHU

WARREN, OHIO

ERENBERG, MORRIS

WINNIPEG, CANADA

FRIEDMAN, ISAAC, H.

NEWARK, N. J.

FRIEDMAN, ISAAC, M.

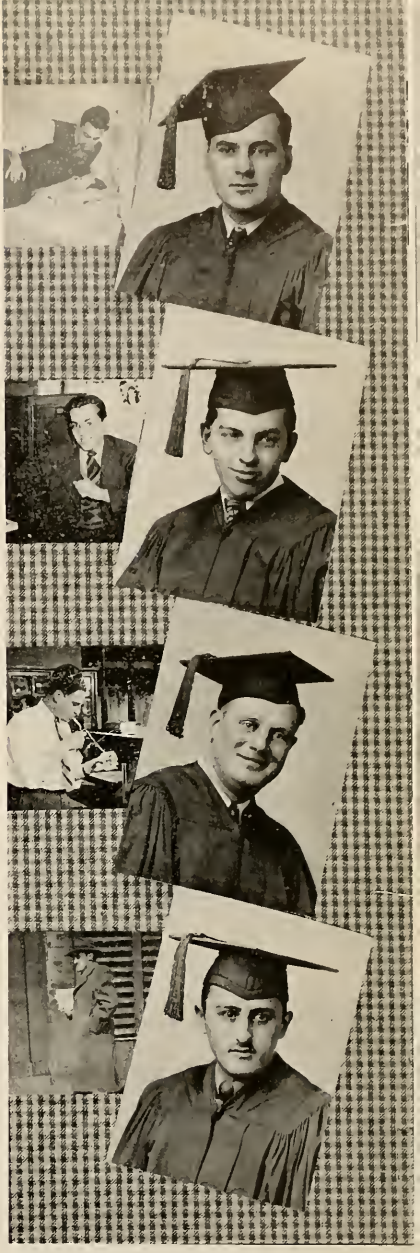
NEW YORK, N. Y.

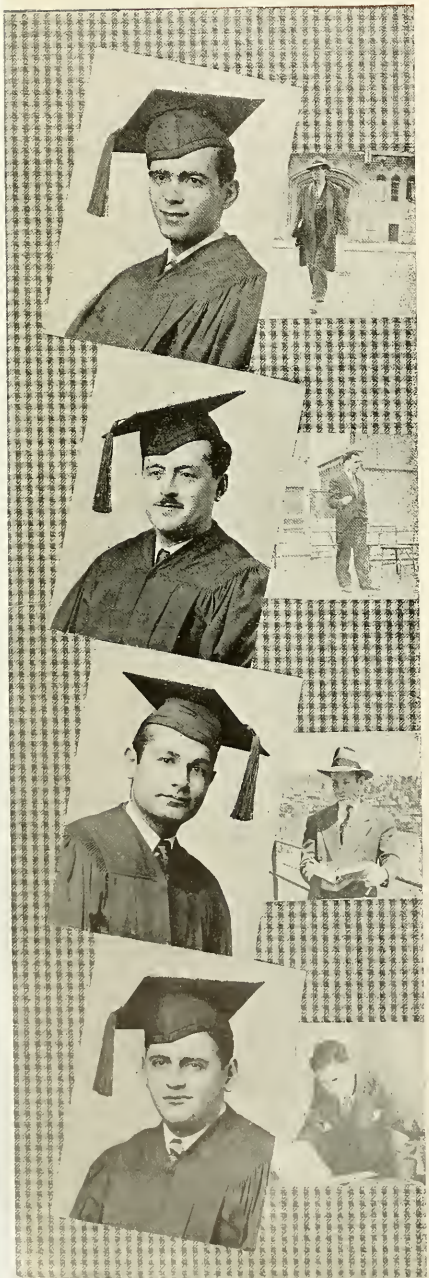
GERSHBAUM, JOSEPH

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GOLDSTEIN, TIBOR

BROOKLYN, N. Y.





HERMAN, BERNARD

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

HECHT, MORRIS

LOCH SHELDRAKE, N. Y.

KATZ, MICHAEL, RABBI

NEW YORK, N. Y.

KLEIMAN, JACK

BRONX, N. Y

KORCHAK, EARL

CLAIRTON, PA

KOSOFSKY, LEON

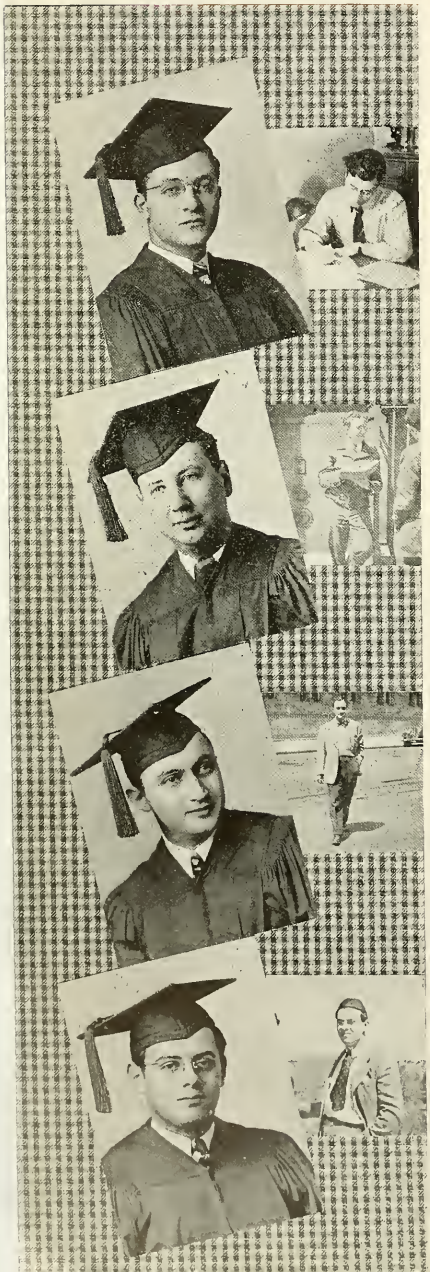
NEWARK, N. J

KRASNER, NORMAN

BROOKLYN, N. Y

LANDES, LEO

REVERE, MASS.



LIEBB, JULIUS

BALTIMORE, MD.

LEVY, JOEL

PERTH AMBOY, N. J.

LIPSHITZ, MAX

DETROIT, MICH

LILKER, MARTIN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

LUBAN, MARVIN

SEATTLE, WASH.

MANDELBAUM, ALLAN

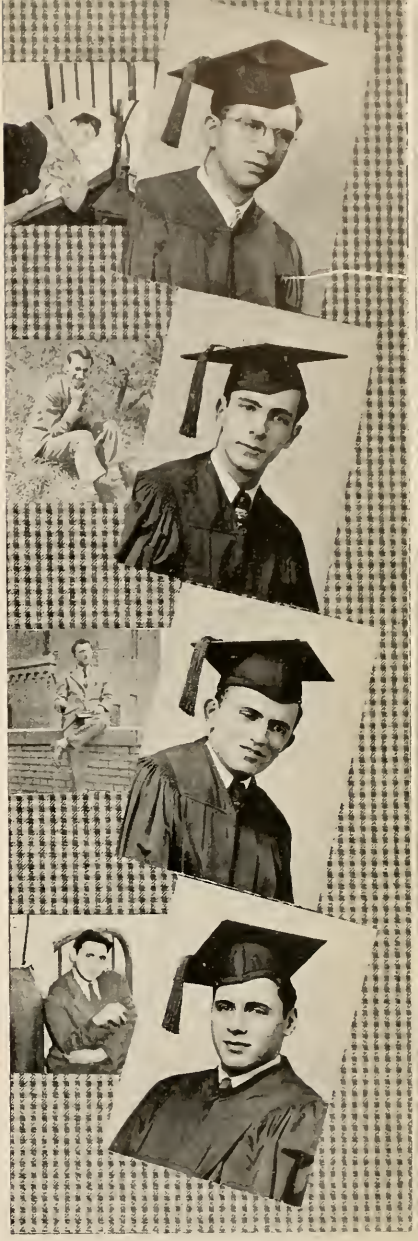
BRONX, N. Y.

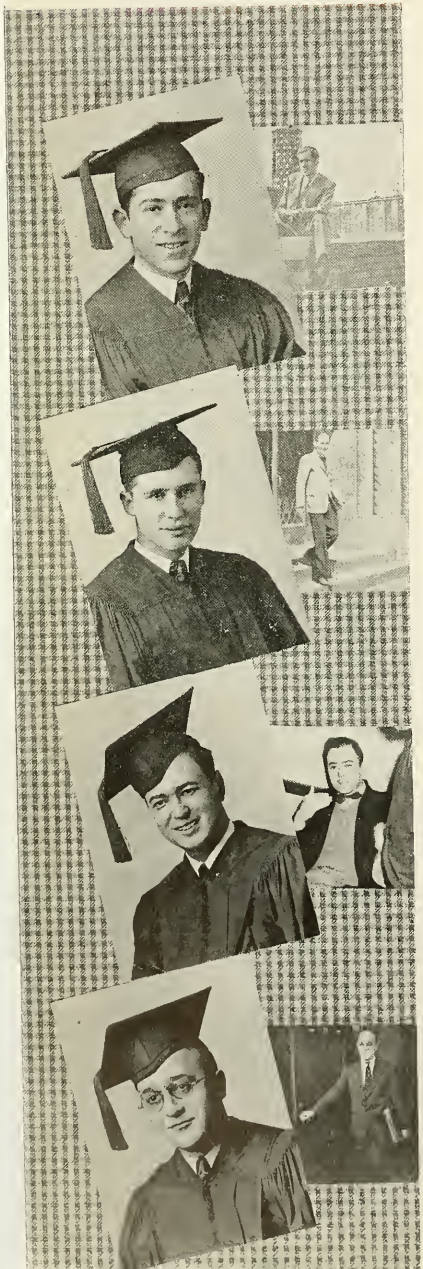
MARKOWITZ, EUGENE

BROOKLYN, N. Y

MEHLER, BURTON

BROOKLYN, N. Y.





MELMED, DAVID

WINNIPEG, CANADA

METCHIK, IRWIN

CORONA, N. Y.

MILLER, HAROLD

NEW YORK, N. Y.

NEISS, EDMUND

PORTLAND, MAINE

NISSEL, JOSEPH

NEW YORK, N. Y.

NULMAN, MACY

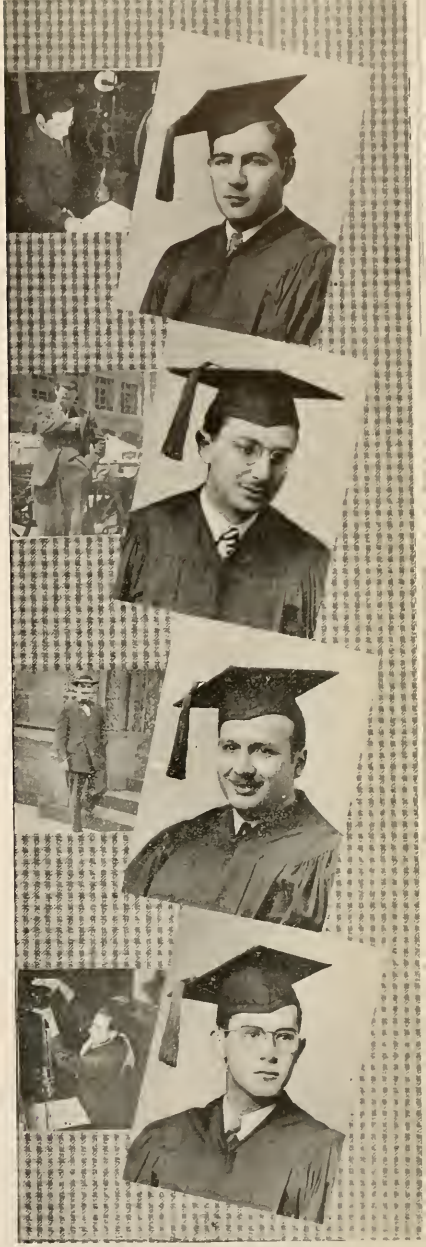
NEWARK, N. J.

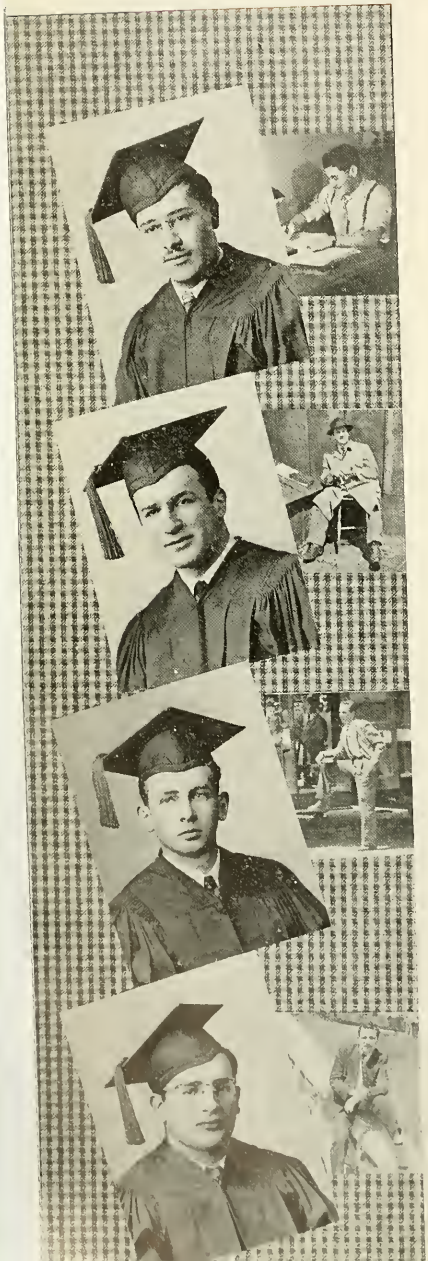
OLESHINSKY, ARTHUR

BRONX, N. Y.

PEYSER, PINCUS

FALLS RIVER, MASS.





ROSENBAUM, NATHAN

NEW YORK, N. Y.

ROSENBLATT, SEYMOUR

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SCHIFF, SIMON

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SHULWEIS, HAROLD

BRONX, N. Y.

SCHWARTZ, LEO

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SEIDMAN, EMANUEL

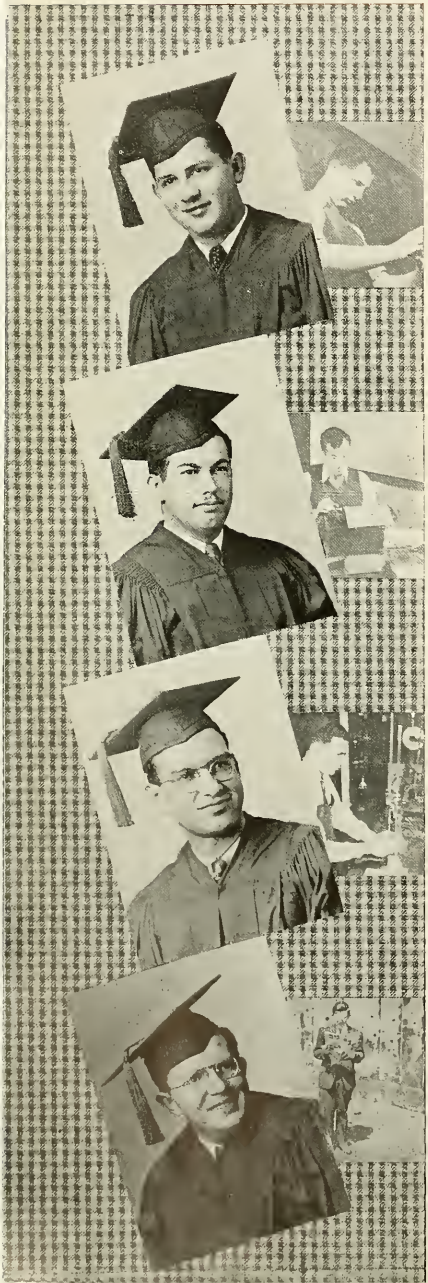
BRONX, N. Y.

SELTZER, BERNARD

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SHAPIRO, JOSHUA

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



SIEGEL, BERNARD

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SIEGEL, MORTON

NEW YORK, N. Y.

SILVERMAN, MORRIS

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SKY, ZVI

NEWARK, N. J.

SLOCHOWSKY, ISRAEL

BRONX, N. Y.

SOFER, MARTIN

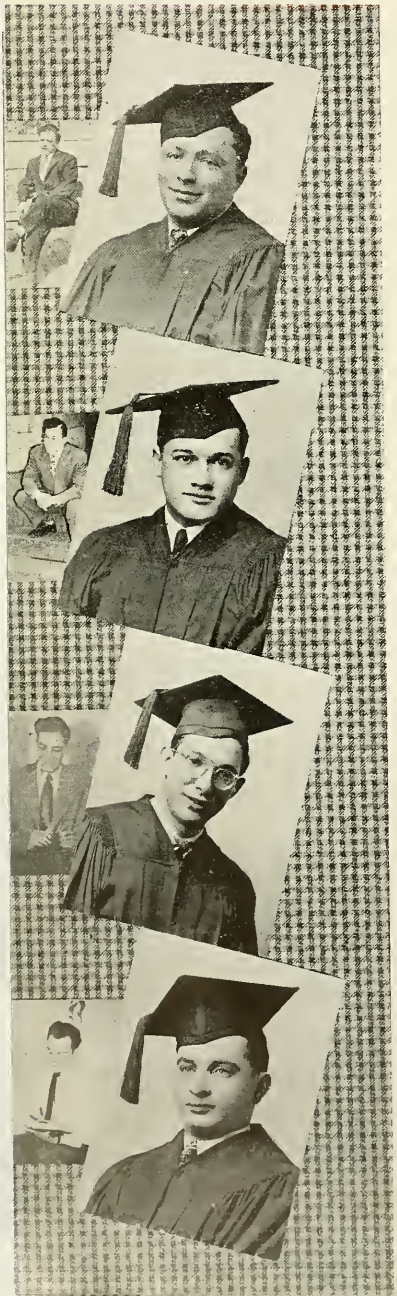
NEW YORK, N. Y.

SORSCHER, MARVIN

BRONX, N. Y.

TANENBAUM, HERMAN

BALTIMORE, MD.



TUCHINSKY, NATHAN
NEW YORK, N. Y.

WALDMAN, SAMUEL
WILMINGTON, DEL.

WEINSTEIN, CHARLES
WORCESTER, MASS.

WEISENBERG, DAVID
WORCESTER, MASS.

ZEIDES, SOLOMON

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

ZELKOWITZ, MARVIN

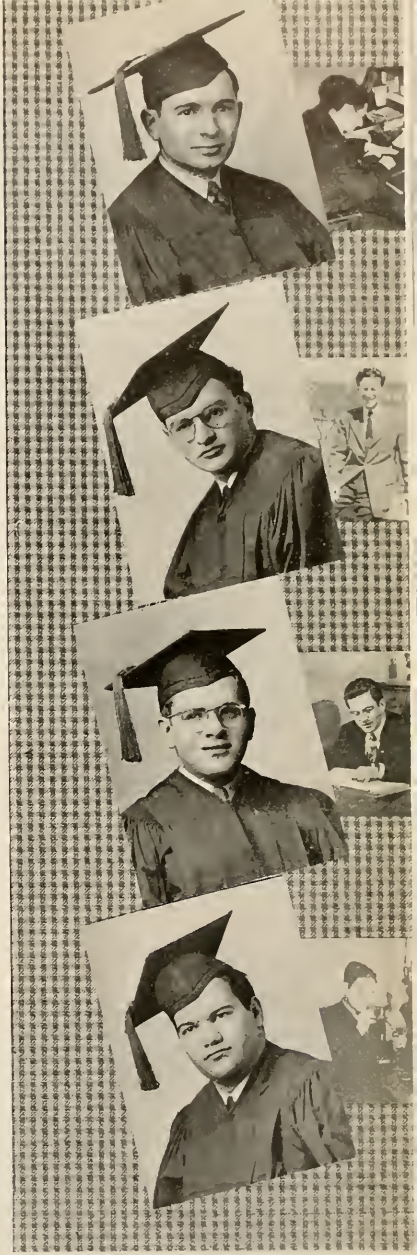
MIAMI, FLORIDA

ZEMEL, NATHAN

NEWARK, N. J.

ZWEIGBAUM, JOSEPH

NEW YORK, N. Y.



CLASS HISTORY

"When To The Sessions of Sweet Silent Thought I Summon Up . . . . Remembrance of things Past."

Good evening ladies and gentlemen. This is your announcer Harvey Millard speaking to you from the main ballroom of the twenty-five million dollar RIETS Hall atop the administration building of Yeshiva University. There are some very odd fifty thousand people here tonight who have come to pay homage plus tax to the class of '45. By virtue of distinguishing themselves in all fields of human and supra human endeavor, these men are being feted here this evening as a sign that the University is publicly recognizing their contributions to society as well as to the rabbinate.

The men of '45 never having come together before this evening for a class reunion, it shall be both sublimely and ridiculously interesting to behold what the creeping up of age and the sneaking up of marriage has done **for** and **to** these gentlemen. While we are waiting for the honored class to enter the celebrity studded hall, I should like to take a few hours to list some of the more distinguished lights who have lent their glow to this evening's festivities.

To my right I see the star of stage, screen and television, Miss Margaret O'Brien on the arm of Professor Alexander Brody, head of the archaeology department at Yeshiva. A young freshman is vainly trying to get the fair maiden off the professor's hands but the latter is telling him off in some well chosen poker-dot expressions.

On my left I have just noticed Sir Aaron Margalith, librarian of Congress, who once occupied the Political Science bench at Yeshiva. Sir Aaron is playing host to "Miss Librarian of 1955"—a slightly bookish damsel whom the judges were able to tell by her cover. Aha, and a little more to my left, I have just espied Dr. Irving Linn, professor of history of "U.S.A." The doctor, whose courses are a **must** for any one wishing to learn the facts of other people's lives, is clad in a brown plaid sport jacket, brown gabardine shorts and just to be 'formal' he is wearing a pair of black patent leather pumps. With his high starched skull cap upon his head, the learned instructor could easily be mistaken for one of the typical uh . . . Yeshiva . . . uh . . . men.

Wearing a test tube in his lapel is professor Emeritus Eli Levine, former instructor in Chemistry and now second assistant tutor in estrogen. Dr. Levine incidentally, has lately been awarded a fellowship in the philosophy department. As chairman of the student-faculty relations committee, he has helped the student body in ways that it may never learn—he hopes.

Over near the speaker's platform, I recognize Professor Allah Alexander Litman, author of the best selling novel written in the original Greek "The White Shirt and What It Has Done To Society." The illustrious mentor is one of the few gentlemen in Yeshiva to have an office as large as a university corridor. More often than frequently, the students' pride and the administration's prejudice gives tea balls to which the student body is invited. The admission price is "one capitalist."

Slouching right beside him is Doctor Atlas, Yeshiva research expert who is presently working on a drug that will revolutionize the garbage situation of the amoeba. His assistant Dr. Safir has expressed the conviction that some day Atlas will carry the world of Biology on his shoulders. Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to interrupt this discussion of insects to bring you the latest flash . . . The dean of the college has just strode into the hall followed by Professor Jacob Harstein and two body guards. The dean, who is the fastest talker this side of Dr. M. Snerd, has a bucket in his hand . . . Prof. Hartstein is trying to kick it . . . the dean is opening the bucket . . . he has a paint brush in his hand . . . he . . . ladies and gentlemen the dean is painting the banquet table. A faculty meeting has been hurriedly summoned . . . a decision has been reached . . . Prof. Harstein is talking to the dean· the dean is talking to the professor—there's Walter Winchell making a note of it—the dean is returning to his seat. Well it looks like another one of his experiments with Penicillin has been given a shellacking. Director Hartstein has scored again; of course, this isn't unusual for a director of Yeshiva's Graduate Elementary school and dormitory Czar of Mesifta D' Vassar.

The Sociology department is well . . . well represented by Dr. Theodore Abel who is winking at Prof. Lookstein. I have just counted the winks—forty in all. Tut, tut, is is possible that the Sociologist is napping, napping gently at his classes' chamber door?

Over at a table to the right of the rostrum sits Professor Braun, premier of the down and undergraduate French department. If I'm not mistaken, he is sipping some "Vichy" water—that's seltzer with a Parisienne bubble. The chair next to his is possessed by Dr. Kenny Damon who is wearing a brown derby and a smile as big as a defense plant. The spitting image of Virgil, Dr. Floch is with us tonight as is Dr. Freed who is looking into his plate to see why there isn't something in it **"down dere!"** The doctor is putting a souvenir program into his pocket. That's the idea, doc, keep it in the pants.

Odds and Ends in the Faculty

The General Staff

A Philosophy Class in Action

Oh but it couldn't be. But it is. It is that genius, that rare half brain, that master mind of the scientific (say when, you modest man you) the keen intellect to whom everything has been revealed, none other than your good friend and . . . yes, none other than **your** good friend Professor Lowan—(just listen to that applause—gee won't he ever get tired?)—a picture of humbleness and modesty—a picture of humiliation—a picture of a man who deserves to be framed—ah, but then you can't always tell by a picture, can you?

There's Dr. Lucacer evidently "Kumming" here to explain, that he hasn't forgotten his unhygiene class. Rabbi Mirsky, the "Voice," is holding down a seat of honor as is Dr. Hoenig, the "Kid—Domani," whose new electric shaving invention "Shave Omarti" by name, is startling the Hebrew speaking world. Mr. Renov is here for art's sake and for goodness sake the men of '45 will never forget the sneak previews he used to project for them. He did the previewing and they did the sneaking.

That famous eclectic—no fits please, Professor Stanley Levin, is here in a body. Professor Stanley frequently tells his classes: "If you don't like my lectures, put 'em in my pipe and I'll smoke it." Whew—you should smell his tobacco. Incidentally the prof is here tonight with his hobby—a fishing rod.

"Say prof., what happens if you can't go fishing?"

Dr. David Fleisher, the pinked-cheeked, baby-faced gentleman, has just entered and is nodding his head from side to side. **THAT** is his way of saying hello to his acquaintances. The superintendent of the Yeshiva Medical College—"Sam"—not being able to attend, his helper Doc Swick has just made his appearance in company with a trim looking nurse. No, she is not available to dorm residents. And not far from—the noise you are now hearing is the class of '45.

Led by Rabbis Shurin, Katz, Berman and Weisenberg the men of the celebrated group have just entered and are being treated to an arousing ovation. Just listen to that crowd whistle . . . Debbie Weisenthal, will you please take Miss Boorstein away from those spot lights . . . now folks, listen to that crowd roar . . .

The applause is petering out now as the class of '45 seats itself around the large beautifully decorated banquet table in full view of the audience. There is a sudden burst of conviviality and camaradrie as the men of the hour turn to greet each other. I shall now switch you to the . . .

"What in tarnation is that rabble rouser yelling about. To hear him speak you get the impression that the class of '45 is something out of the ordinary. No, all Yeshiva graduates are cut from the same piece of cloth—sad sack—to be exact. Ten years go by and what do they look like . . . you said it. Just look at that old fogey over there—oops, get that looking glass out of here. A stomach, bags under the eyes, bald as an eagle—a wife like a hawk—that's the man of '45 in '55. The only thing a Yeshiva man gets out of college is . . . is . . . memories. Would you like to hear about the days when I was spending my young life as a freshman? Would you like to hear? Keep quiet, who's asking you . . . A guy can talk to himself, can't I?

Hal Miller handing it to Bushie Friedman and Herm Tanenbaum

Seniors go a'stepping

The average high school graduate upon being informed that he is to attend his dad's Alma Mater collects his dowdiest clothes which include several sharp sport ensembles, possibly a tux, golf clubs, tennis racquet and if possible he takes along his father's racket and other such essential paraphernalia and takes the choo choo to ye old campus.

When my pappa sat me down and said: "Yosele, you have enjoyed life enough. Now, you must go to Yeshiva," I cried for joy. The second thing I wanted to do most of all was to go to Yeshiva: the first thing was not to go there. Pappa told me to praise the Lord and he would send me the ammunition.

"And," said pappa, "if'n you find yourself short of a few rounds when the first of the month rolls around, don't be bashful to ask for a little 45 calibre stipend. After all, Yeshiva isn't known as the "arsenal of Orthodoxy" for nothing.

Hearkening to the advice of my rabbi, a former inmate at Yeshiva, I packed several suitcases with salami, an occasional shirt—which I was to wear occasionally, a pair of ear muffs—the muffs I was to lend to Max Kosofsky—and a "Jastrow"—which I was to lend to anybody who would take it. Being a coward by nature, I took along several pairs of undergarments to save my skin and a pair of stockings to hang up on Chanukah. I also took along a baseball glove, but the only thing I was to catch at Yeshiva was my death of a cold.

Once at Yeshiva I took a look at the building, went inside and was immediately taken in palm. Registration day found me being shoved around like a push cart. If I were to use all that red tape I went through to measure the Empire State building I would still be short a couple of tall stories.

The agony of becoming a new student over, I set about making friends. I recall bumping into a fellow by the name of Moishe Appleman. Quite an original fellow. Quite original. Another friend whose acquaintance I made was that of a chap called Jack Kleinman. He spoke my language, but the day he was really "talking" was when I met him for a second time three years later wearing a plaid suit with pink polka dots and a pair of suede shoes. Eventually I met Ike Friedman and Nick Bloom. They needed shaves all right, but I suppose beards of a feather flock together.

I remember clear as a London day the tour of the grounds to which we were subjected. After being shown the mess hall, which certainly looked it—we were taken to the auditorium. Right then and there I decided that I was to join the Yeshiva College Players which I had heard so much about at home. Of course, many things were to happen later which unfortunately were unheard of—at home and in other decent places. The gym looked more and more like a research lab. You could search and re-search for hours without finding a single piece of apparatus that wasn't smashed. When we passed the library—well they had books in it. It couldn't have been the boiler room—couldn't it though?—we were all awed upon gazing at the long line of books. No one spoke a word as we watched a tear trickle down Zeides' cheek. No one said anything . . . not even Sorscher.

Rabbis Lessin and Lipschitz and a Talmud Bavli

A "musar" lecture leads to minyan attendance

Testing in the Chem Lab

An informal moment in the dormitory

They also serve as nuisances who only stand and wait for cigarettes

A period of relaxation

I was so excited when it came to Freshmen elections. Imagine being able to vote at eighteen. I cast my ballots for Hal Miller for president and Nate Rosenbaum for vice . . . At long last, classes were begun. Immediately I loined to spik da Koenig's Engilsh. The class being divvied up into a helf and helf preposition, some of us found ourselves being addressed as "Now children, what book would you like to read?" One of the fellows suggested "David Copperfield," another "Ivanhoe" still another, "A Tale of Two Cities." "That settles it then," said our teacher, "it has anonymously been agreed that we shall study "U.S.A." I suppose this book will have to do . . . uh . . . children until . . . uh . . . "Forever Amber" is—uh—published.

The other half of the class found themselves occupying seats before a young man in his early gay nineties. In both classes, composition was being written on asbestos tissues. We was burning while the teachers was fuddling. Schulweis cracked jokes and the class was having the time of Dr. Klein's life. Zvi Sky of course will never forget Dr. Linn's course. Tell them, Harry, will you?

Besides 'dose tree boyes who ver definitely not going to pess metimedicks,' there were fellows like Korchak, Zelkowitz, Slokowsky, Waldman and Shapiro, who used to bring in problems dealing with one eff of X and 'de Focus.' Many a square root on a teacher's head was torn out in those days.

I know that I shall never see a P.T. student as lovely as Zeides. WE pushed weights around, but what did we get out of it? Sol pushed a pencil around and what did we get out of it—absent, absent, absent!

Before I forget, a word about the smoker which the seniors gave in behalf of our advancement along 'Tobacco Road.' What a night that was! I had a mouth full of old gold, felt dizzy from riding the hump on the Camels, and was disgusted with Senior Muchacho. The fellows howled at the goings on like the pygmies in the "Congo" which Hal Miller recited as a request number—his own.

Class night was something to look forward to. We put on a show in which Marty Sofer made a monkey out of himself—which isn't peanuts even for a freshman. But when the varsity show came around, such freshies as Hal Miller, Herm Tanenbaum and Al Mandelbaum all got "Buck Fever." Nobody has yet forgotten Hal's performance as the "pappa." Hal keeps reminding them with circulars.

Another dramatic incident took place when the die hards of the Yeshiva College Players presented **For Fear of Death.** The performers had nothing to be afraid of. It was New Year's Eve and there was hardly a seat that wasn't empty. The boys gave all they had, but alas, there was nobody around to take it.

When **The Modern Prometheus** was presented, the overflow had to see it at its second performance. Again the Dramatic Society's regulars, of blitzed memory, came through with meritorious performances. It would be silly to mention all the freshmen who participated in this event. You boys know who you are, and besides, my modesty prevents me from bragging about you.

Ah, the young blood we had in those frosh days. Such a corpuscle like Stan Doppelt who broke all past and future Yeshiva basketball records by scoring twenty points against Marshall is something difficult to find in the bloodstream of any university.

Allen Mandelbaum had already won the Fuerstein award for "Commie" work, but a man like Bernie Auerbach was yet to find fame as an intellectual. Don't you agree with me, Bernie? Morris Erenberg still hadn't found a "bloody" cat in the lab, Abie Besdin's moustache was still underground, and Morris Silverman still hadn't been discovered as a member of the class.

Came final exams and we were at our rope's end. We pulled through, all right, but some of us wondered whether it was worth while hanging on. Here we had sacrificed a year of our adolescent life on the altar of education. Our instructors had incensed us—the administration added their cata-logs to the fire . . . alas, we were but burnt offerings—dust at the end of the year. Forlornly we lay—just a bunch of ashes.

We Did Before - - - But we can do it again (Sophomore year)

Since all good things must come to their ends the summer intermission proved no exception. I began my second year at college with a typical sophomoric air. With my nose held high and snooty-like, I proceeded to classes. After the first few lectures, however, I just held my nose—in any position. I tried to impress my teachers with the fact that I was now sagacious and worldly; they left an indelible depression on me too, and they proved to me that they were also worldly—other worldly.

Dr. Fleisher, my new English professor, looked so young and handsome and possessed such a sparkling sense of humor that the fellows took to him like the friar took to the miller's daughter. And speaking about Fleisher, we went out and bought him a high chair (for the baby, silly). Nate Rosenbaum read one of his pieces dealing with a certain period in honor of the occasion. Nate blushed, however, when Dr. Fleisher came back with some small talk about "a drip in the bucket."

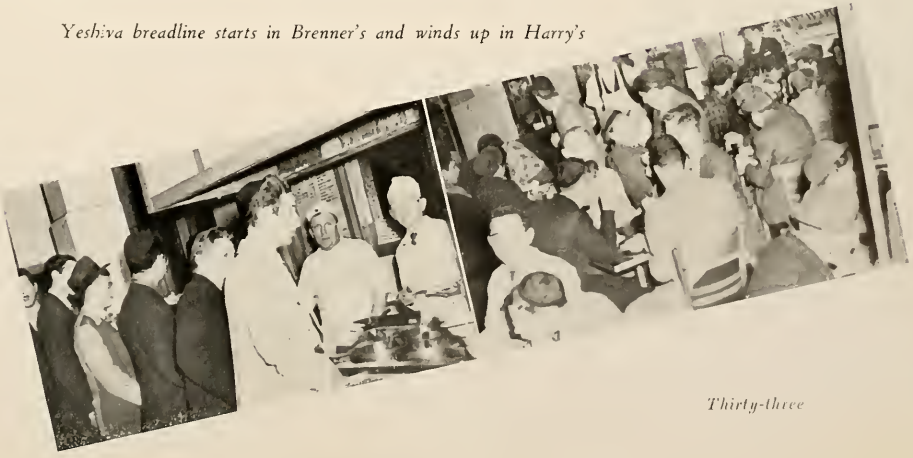
I also remember my first visit to the history professor's classroom. One Ioan Brody—the man who would rather crack a whip than a smile—to be sure, would have been the life of any party—the Greenback party—Mr. Tuchinskey will please check on that . . . Many things are forgotten in the course of time. But in the course of French, the wounds suffered at the hands of the Braun bomber will never be forgotten. An incident which juts out of my mind like a needle from a haystack is a story which Wild Bill Eidelsberg will remember in point. Billy boy had his French poem memorized backwards and sideways but when he had to recite it forwards, his memory went as blank as the expression of the class during recitation period. "Frenchy" couldn't play ball with the sophomores and was not surprised, therefore, when the strikes kept being called on him.

The only method of learning the latest gossip about Yeshiva affairs was through the school organ — "Commentator" which played a tune the administration did not like. Many of my friends used to be faithful readers of "Commentator." As a matter of fact boys like Tibor Goldstein, Meyer Beckerman and Nathan Zemel used

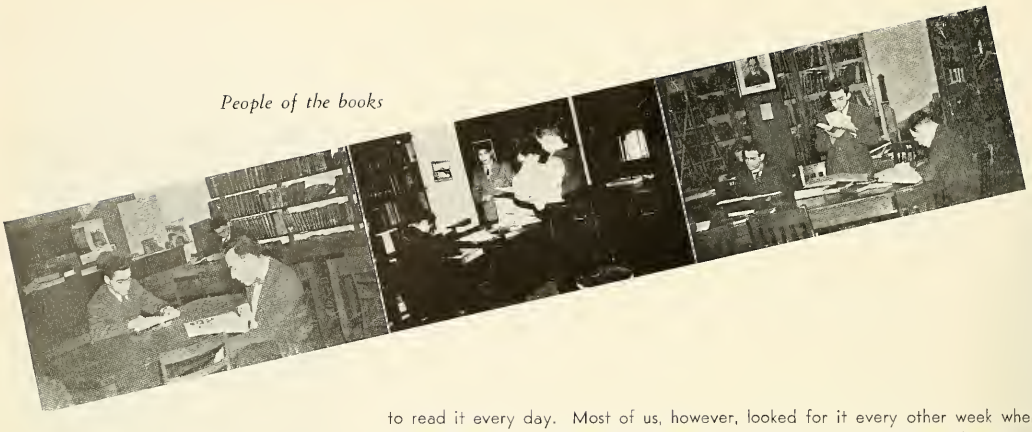
A serious moment in a corridor

A group obviously at its wit's end

Yeshiva breadline starts in Brenner's and winds up in Harry's



People of the books



to read it every day. Most of us, however, looked for it every other week when it was published. The Shurin vacationers could hardly wait until their last year at school to get their first glimpse of the paper. If not for the "Meet the Seniors" column, they claimed, nobody ever would have known that they had gone to college —aw you're kiddin' fellas.

Quite a furor was created one day when "Commie" accidentally printed the name of our institution as **Yeshixa College.** Just to prove that we had nothing to do with any old or young **Yeshixa,** we went to the trouble of making a party in a swanky movie house in the Bronnex—and nobody brought a **Yeshixa**—so there.

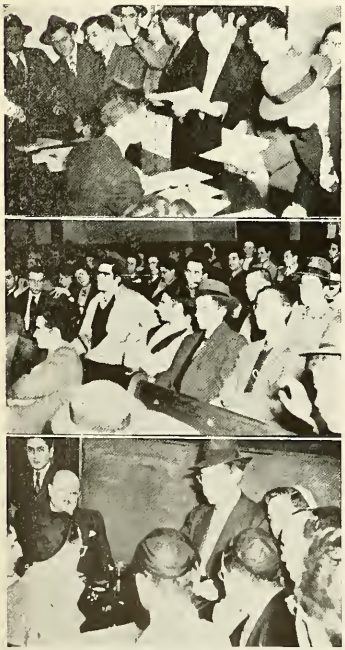
Some of the incidents of my college days have gone with the wind. However, a gust in the house which may still reappear on the horizon, some day in the future, took place when the faculty was on the brink of restricting student activities. If it had succeeded, I never would have been able to participate in the **Plot Sickens** (written by the late JEROME ROBBINS) which starred, as usual, Hal Miller and a bevy of sophomores whose names are well known to their families. Schulweis turned in a **money** of a performance, and H.T. and N.R. certainly earned their letter.

However, the great day that was acoming turned out to be the evening when the audience was treated to a feverish performance of **Yellow Jack,** directed by Chaim Brisman. Slug Slochowsky made his stage debut, after which he was never the same. In company with Bernie Auerbach, H.M., H.T., H.S., A.M., N. R., and others turned in performances to the letter of perfection.

The members of the cast visited Dr. Linn's house sometime after the performance and were greeted by a U.S.O. hostess who was an hand to cater to almost every one of their little desires.

Although the student's body was asleep at times—they were nevertheless startled out of their equilibrium when a dormitory curfew was threatened. Class president Herm Tanenbaum who was later to win fame with his solution to Rabbi Mirsky's Hebrew question—the answer being "Active Participation," and vice-president Al Mandelbaum snorted loudly when the administration wanted to put the lid on at twelve o'clock. The S.O.Y., of which our own Marv Luban was to become secretary-treasurer, and the Student Council rolled the curfew right down the dean's bawling alley, and we scored a strike while the irons were still hot.

Like a good little sophomore, Sorscher was seen but not heard as he proved to be high-scorer on our class basketball team which lost, nevertheless, to the **Green** juniors . . . Latin was one course which turned out to be a classic. Such Catalines like Schiff and Korchak may never again arise to gallop through a course via the "pony express." Tuchinsky was also one of those who refused to change **Horaces** in midstream. To all observers—and there were plenty—who used to peek in through the windows, the boys had plenty of Gaul.



S. O. Y. Elections

Student Assembly

Is this on the record, Rabbi Lookstein?

A fellow like "Big Ben" Seymour Rosenblatt, whose watch on the whine was forever tocking a blue streak, is one man who will not fade away in my memory with the passage of time . . . Joel Levy of New Jersey thought that in "the beginning there was the word" referred to the word **movies** . . . Jimmy Zweigbaum, good-natured and philosophical, played around with the bottles in the lab . . . Manny Seidman had such nice wavy hair . . . Oh you cute boy, you . . . and . . . Eugene Markowitz kept becoming more profound and more profound. Ask Hecht if you don't believe him.

Final exams finished us up as sophomores. Gone was the youthful tint from our cheeks, past was the mild innocence of adolescence. Yesterday's seedlings, tomorrow's big shoots. That's exactly what we were.

Our professors had given us plenty of oil for the journey ahead. Neither had they spared the gas. Motors were geared for high speed. We had shifted from our freshman gear into our second. Now we were shifting into third. Would we stall—would we be left holding the clutch—would our gears be stripped in the burlesque of time?

However, we held on firmly to the steering wheel. Even if we were to cough and splutter, we felt secure that our professor would always be on hand to serve as cranks.

JUNIOR YEAR

"The great Train of thought Robbery"

Did somebody call me Junior? Yes sir, plenty of people and teachers called me that, and I was thrilled for the first time in my life upon being greeted as such. An upper classmen at last. "Poor sophomores and poor poor little freshmen, I am so very high up and you are so lowly. My nose bleeds for you." My Junior encounter was a memorial one—but the Hesped didn't come until later. Hope and despair, success and frustration lined the walks as my friends and I traveled through that now forgotten city. Some of us made the grade—D and F, while a few hit A's and B's with good marksmanship. Those were the days and that was the life. Not life really, but only a Junior year at Yeshiva . . .

Who will ever forget the burghers of "Castle Village"—a stone's throw from the dorm supervisor's room. Nobody threw one, however. The whole of the Junior class used to visit Vice-President Zelkowitz and his roommate Korchak up there. Nate Rosenbaum, president of the class, and a half wit who matured later, used to coin his many quotable but unprintable witticisms in the village. Marv had to listen to the Earl of Clairton and such lights as Bert Mehler, Slug, and Stanley Doppelt, who never failed to give off heat. Bert had a line which would have sent every Litvak to an early grave forcing the Galitzes to turn over and make room. Slug's impersonations of the men of his day veritably caused the death of one.

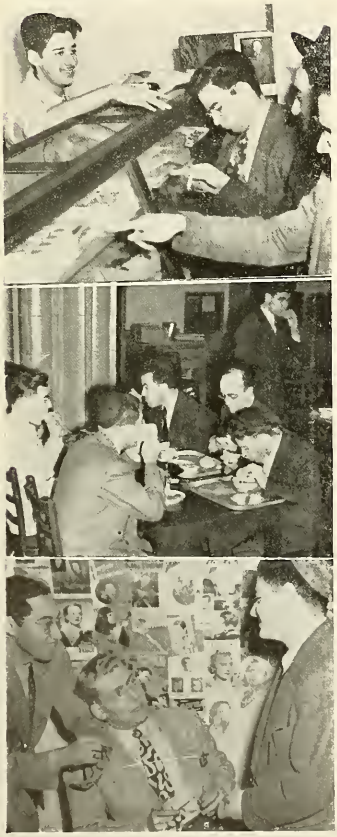
Dr. Belkin became president of the institution, and just to prove that he could be a head too, Arthur Oleshinskey disregarded the advice of the smart Alex and refused to "give her up." He married the lady Eve and lo' the little Abels are raising Cain in his living room these days.

In the days gone by, many things happened that I shall always recall fondly. I remember Shmiel Waldman, who did such a fine job as Athletic manager. Under his guidance, the mighty Mites were just a bit more mighty and a little less mitey . . . Charley Weinstein who penned such a fine sports column. How a guy "on the sidelines" could observe so many things was certainly beyond my nose. But then again Charley **was** an expert when it came to being nosey . . . A lot of fellows were making names for themselves. One of the fellows who got himself a name was Herm Tanenbaum, a member of "Commentator" governing board and president of the Dramatic Society. Herm used to write stories with three dots . . . three dot Tanenbaum and one dottie Korchak. Steady now, Earl.

A little more "hasmodah", please!

Rabbi Soloveitchek leading the way to scholarship

Rabbi Shatzkes and his class



Gimme some o'dose

Food without thought

A Junior gives Bernie Seltzer and Carl Einhorn the right ticket in the Concert Bureau office

The administration went into the camp business by installing a counsellor system. The counsellors took the hint and made believe that Yeshiva was a summer resort. They had one continuous rest period that lasted all year.

"Foul Shot" was the name of the last varsity show that was to be presented for the remainder of our stay at Yeshiva. Bushy Friedman built the sets and Broadway started fighting over him. The show included the usual **dramatis personae** that were in the habit of cluttering up Yeshiva performances. Something that called itself a cheering squad and which included Josh Shapiro, Ellie Elefant, and Earl Korchak, bowed onto the stage every minute or so. However, the audience sympathized with them and even applauded when they left the footlights. Martie Sofer who had previously appeared in **"For Fear of Death"** played the "coach" in this show. He makes a good coach—in a play.

Yeshiva wielded all kinds of clubs over its students—without beating anything solid into them, but the Science Club, under the leadership of Pinky Peyser, David Smith, and Bernie Siegel, beat everything in sight by proving that science and religion could operate in the same building . . . The Juniors with the help of Bushie and Sorscher shattered the perfect record of the Seniors by trouncing them in a hotly debated contest . . . The seniors just turned "green" with envy . . .

In a little room on the fifth floor which was later to be occupied by the "Spirif," the "Flash" and the "Burp," i.e. Gershbaum and Seltzer, had a cozy studio. To Red, taking pictures was a snap. Especially was it enjoyable when things began developing. At that time the fellows accentuated the negative but in the daze to come, the spirit that pervaded that room was to mess with the in between—"nicht ahin und nicht aher." (English translation: Ask your grandmother). Allen Mandelbaum was a top man on "Commentator" but he showed the school that he was on its level none the less. His poetry, which was always dedicated to Salvadore Dali and understood only by him, was written in very blank verse. A typical example would read:

"Giddy gore erratic
Wheat gleaned on the Rubicon
Incorrigible—eh what?
Pax vivendi, vox Pop
Watchamicallit in the sooscrfras
. . . Roger . . ."

Allen's poetry had no rhyme and less reason—to me anyhow.

When Jack Green, who was president of the Student Council, began attacking the college administration, meetings were called by the class presidents. Which Junior doesn't remember this tidbit?

"Nate, don't be a—"

"Allen, get out, get out."

Let's all get out of here now.

Things died down at the end but a lot of things were left living that should have been exterminated. As Sam the Janitor said—"There ain't no room for a rat at Yeshiva." But what's the diff, Charlie used to clean the guy's office anyhow . . .

The Jewish History period was a shoenig[illegible] of a class . . . The Kosign Elite brought to class ran the Moreh ragged . . . When Elefant wrote these words on the blackboard . . . "The Moreh is—" The prof said "The Moreh **is** M. Elefant—but **you** ain't . . .

One of the most unforgettable events in the history of the class of '45 and in the annals of any other class was the Dramatic Society's presentation **In Time To Come** under the direction of Anatole Winogradoff. Hal Miller who played the title role of Wilson came through par excellence as usual with the support of Allen, Nate, Herm, Schulweis, and . . . and Slokowsky, naturally. Again Bushie "set" the stage around which the play revolved. This was the last production of the society and come who may and say what will the Dramatic Society and the Yeshiva College Players were a vital part of the institution and as such showed the outside world that American Yeshiva boys were **normal** and not students to be looked upon as inhibited. medieval souls . . .

The Junior year drew to a close and final exam time found the boys leaning towards Mortie Siegel. In freshman, sophomores, and junior days, Mortie was never caught with his "P.N.'s" down. Because Siegel's strength lay in his notes, all of us begged to be permitted a glance at his writings. We sweated over them just as Mortie had labored over them by the sweat of his moustache.

Brenner's food negated any pleas to reduce by working out in the gym . . . If you ate at Mr. B's, the inches just came off your waste . . . Would-be-seniors like Max Lipshitz kept up appearances beautifully . . . A crease in the pants, a starched shirt, a sporty necktie, Max was meticulous when it came to his toilet . . . Moish Hecht used to sing like a bird singing for the other birds . . . All Moish needed was one thing to become a really great chazan . . . Weisenberg began writing sermonettes in preparation for his ordination . . . Leo Landes and Red Gershbaum headed the War Council which did such admirable work . . . Sorscher visited Student Council and made a **motion**—everybody was surprised . . . What did they expect him to do, **talk?** . . . Benny Chinitz was still the same boy that entered college . . . Sincere, modest, good natured, everybody liked him . . . Benny's friends were many . . . Sam Blech was one of them . . . Who says Blech didn't attend classes? As vice-president of the S.O.Y., he felt it his duty to attend lectures—when he knew that the roll would be called . . . Martie Lilker, a capable assistant's assistant, became one of the staunchest believers in Torah True **Judy**-ism.

Life as a Junior had been brought to its end . . . The ship of our state of mind was steering us into port . . . Until now we had been the weaker vessel . . . everybody on board had given us orders . . . Now that summer was here we were going to get shore leave—but then all hands would be on deck again, we would have to chart a new course . . . travel in more perilous waters . . . drift with the current at times . . . and on other occasions steer against the tide . . . but always always must we travel upstream.

The little flower and — the big petal, Registrar Abrams

Student Council oblivious of the camera

"Into the fold of the Sheepskin"

Senior . . . I was a Senior . . . Do you hear me? A senior . . . Do you know what that meant? . . . It meant home plate, it meant a touchdown . . . Would I get across the line? . . . or would the faculty and Dean throw me for a loss? . . . Maybe I would succeed in stiff-arming them. It certainly was about time that I showed them the back of my hand. Aw, I had nothing to worry about . . . I would be graduated. After all, the faculty was sick and tired of having me on its team. They wanted me to quit playing the Collegiate game and become a Pro.

I had my pictures taken for Masmid and I began wishing that I had never become a senior. Here I had gone to all the trouble of explaining to my mother that a photograph can make anybody look handsome. Now look at the finished product. I was subjected to a double exposure of mingled grief and agony. Boy, would I like to "Tarr" and feather that studio.

Masmid—Masmid and Bushie Friedman were inseparable. A versatile editor, Bushie did art work, layout, ran after his business managers, ran after everybody—**Masmid** and Friedman ran smoothly. Bushie worked his staff to the bone. Red Gershbaum business managed the **rag** with the competent assistance of those **shmote** boys, Ellie Elefant and Josh Shapiro. Bernie Aurebach was also in there some place, as was Carl Einhorn. Julie Liebb, serving as literary editor, was at his "writs end." Giving directions to would be authors is no simple headache. Nate's work as associate editor was unbelievable—believe me.

Seniors to the right of me, seniors to the left of me, seniors in front of me—but thank the Almighty no seniors were left behind me. Now I suppose I really should tell you who some of my classmates were—first, there was president of Student Council, Hal Miller . . . Leo "The Leech" Landis was vice-president of the school. And some of the boys, aw, notes! I almost forget to mention Morty Siegel, who was secretary of the S.C. Thanks for reminding me, Morty. Earl Korchak was Athletic Manager and Marv Zelkowitz, special advisor to Earl, was high scorer for the team—that is, he **recorded** the high scores. It was a tough schedule that Earl arranged for the boys. It was'nt as easy as pushing up daisies. But who knows. Maybe they'll get into the Garden someday—the daisies, I mean. Mandlebaum was editor of "Commie" for the first semester and then left to do P.G. work at Columbia while Herm, who stayed on to do P.D. work at Yeshiva, took over the editorship. By the way did you know that Chahhli Weinstein was at Hah-havahd?

The senior class knew for whom the bell tolled and so they rang for Pinky Peyser and Sonny Krasner, sports editor of "Commie," to represent them in good proportion.

I could go on and on reminiscing about my classmates—and I will . . . Macy Nulman was heading for the sea of matrimony . . . Look at him now with the rest of the Macim . . . Irwin Metchik made a habit of counting up to ten every morning . . . Edmund Neiss got his picture into the "World Telegram" and now he is the pride of Portland . . . Melmed joined the Shomer Hadati and stopped using lipstick . . . Leo Schwartz finally decided to climb aboard the wagon of matrimony and get hitched to the star of Borough Park . . . Jimmy Zweigbaum started paying Pinky rent . . . Bernard Herman began "pokonosing" around for counsellors . . . and Joe Nissel that handsome chemistry man became intra mural chairman and class athletic manager in one term . . . Stan Doppelt had an ambition that would put him into the fruit and vegetable business—selling Karats of course—Bert Mehler began writing his own "Psukim" —Bert was gonna girdle the globe or bust.

I could go on and on and on . . . alright . . . Please . . . please take that revolver away . . . I won't talk . . . I promise I won't talk . . .

Everything wasn't a bed of roses that year. A few thorns entered Yeshiva and the Dramatic Society found itself stuck . . .

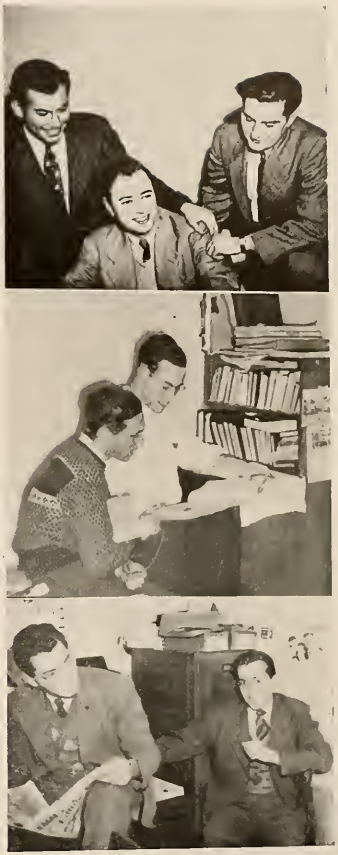
We had our difficulties in our senior semesters . . . There were battles to be fought . . . Victories to be won . . . and, oh yes, quite a few defeats that had to be endured . . . Our college days were filled with fresh joys and stale misfortunes . . . "Commentator," the debating team, dramatics . . . basketball . . . study . . . work . . . study . . . that was life . . .

Rabbi Weil, a Saint in the pure sense of the word left our midst . . . Chaplain Werfel . . . Lennie Klappholz . . . Jerry Robbins . . . Franklin Delano Roosevelt . . . Ernie Pyle . . . That was Death . . .

It is ten years since I tasted the first fruits of defeat at the hands of the bursar . . . ten years after college . . . A's and F's counted in those days . . . and marks in life still have to be made today. It is ten years since Yeshiva College became Yeshiva college . . . It is ten years since the dormitory took on a new air—Hartstein by name . . . Ten years since we were taught peculiar "Lessins" and subjected to the lip of people for whom a song was named—"Don't Fence Me In" . . . Ten years since we were seniors . . . Ten years after College we find ourselves holding a class reunion . . .

The class of '45 is gladdened in heart and spirit to behold all its fellow students heretonight. Jack Levy and "Shimmie" Katz, who were away in a far off corner of this globe when we were seniors, are with us tonight safe and sound in body and in mind. They fought so that decency might live and we thank Almighty G-d that He has sent them back to us. They are a most welcome sight to every man who counts himself as a '45 er.

Without them our reunion could not and would not have been a happy one —certainly not a complete one . With them here this evening, we can never hope to have a more perfect reunion.



President of Council Miller, vice president Landes and secretary Siegel enjoy a good one in their headquarters

Senior prexy Peyser and V. P. Krasner in a studious frame of mind

Masmid Editor Bushie Friedman and Herm. "Commentator" Tanenbaum

STUDENT

ITIES

1945

Administration and Faculties

DR. SAMUEL BELKIN
President of Yeshiva College

Librarian, DR. AARON MARGARETH

Registrar MRS. WIESENTHAL
and Secretary MISS BOORSTIEN

DR. MOSES L. ISAACS
Dean, and Professor of Chemistry

Now, Ain't this Romantic?

DR. FLOCH
DR. RALPH P. ROSENBERG
Ass't. Professor of German

Checking on the Boys

RABBI MIRSKY
Professor in Bible and Jewish History

Margalith Is Showing Litman What, Dr. Brody?

DR. ALEXANDER LITMAN, *Professor of Philosophy*
DR. A. M. MARGALITH, *Associate Professor of Political Science*
DR. ALEXANDER BRODY, *Associate Professor of History*

Lecturing on Mob Psychology

DR. THEODORE ABEL, *Associate Professor of Sociology*

The Center of the Community

ROSENTHAL
Lecturer in Sociology

O.K. I'll Bite, What's Cooking Doc?

ABRAHAM B. HURWITZ, *Instructor in Physical Educatio*
SIDNEY B. HOENIG, *Instructor in Jewish History*

Ginsburg Gets A Word in Edgewise

DR. LITMAN
DR. JEKUTHIEL GINSBURG
Professor in Mathematics

The Director Himself

DR. JACOB I. HARTSTEIN
Director of Bernard Revel Graduate School

Professor Ginsburg and the Circle that Travels With Him

Every Man for Himself

DR. S. ZEITLIN, *Professor of Jewish History*
SAMUEL L. SAR, *Dean of Men*
R. NATHAN KLOTZ, *Assistant Professor in Bible*

Ethics and Society

DR. LEO JUNG, *Professor of Ethics*
DR. JOSEPH LOOKSTEIN
Associate Professor of Sociology

The Brüder Churgin and Dr. Grinnstein Discussing the Hebrew Question

DR. H. GRINNSTEIN, *Lecturer in Jewish History*
DR. PINCUS CHURGIN, *Professor of Hebrew Literature*
DR. G. CHURGIN, *Instructor in Hebrew*

Educators Look Over A Very Brief Case

DR. PHILIP KRAUS, *Assistant Professor of Education*
DR. SIDNEY D. BRAUN, *Instructor in French*

What, No Pipe!

STANLEY LEVIN
Instructor in Psychology

The Long and Short of Science

DR. ELI LEVINE, *Assistant Professor of Chemistry*
DR. BRUNO Z. KISCH, *Professor of Chemistry*
DR. ARNOLD N. LOWAN, *Professor in Physics*

So This Is Dr. Finkle!

DR. FINKLE
Instructor in Bible

Kristeller Looks On As Floch Tells Katz a "Classic"

MR. JOSEPH KATZ, *Lecturer in History*
DR. BERNARD FLOCH, *Associate Professor of Greek and Latin*
DR. PAUL O. KRISTELLER, *Lecturer in History*

Expounding on Hebrew Literature

MENACHEM RIBALOW
Lecturer in Hebrew

Psst! Doc, Is That Professor Linn Snoozing?

DR. DAVID FLEISHER. *Assistant Professor of English*
DR. IRVING LINN, *Assistant Professor of English*

That Grand Old Man

DR. DAVID KLEIN
Assistant Professor of English

Assistants in the Hall of Fame

H. I. DANISHEFSKY, *Chemistry*
M. KELLER, *Chemistry*
M. GERSHINSKY, *Mathematics*

When A Body Meets A Body

BENJAMIN WELBER, *Assistant in Physics*
DR. M. ATLAS, *Instructor in Biology*

A Course in the Hand Is Worth Two in the . . .

DR. S. SAFIR, *Professor of Biology*

Dr. Braun Speechless As Mr. Ryan Gives Him the Eye

DR. BRAUN
MR. RYAN, *Instructor in Speech*

DR. A. FREED, *Assistant Professor in Hygiene*

MR. I. RENOV, *Instructor in Art*

DR. P. SCHUB, *Lecturer in Mathematics*

DR. S. JOSEPHS, *Assistant in Chemistry*

ON LEAVE

DR. KENNETH F. DAMON, *Assoc. Professor, Speech & Music*
DR. SOLOMON FLINK, *Associate Professor in Economics*
DR. ABRAHAM LUCHINS, *Assistant Professor in Psychology*
DR. J. NOBLE, *Instructor in Hebrew*
DR. NATHAN SAVITSKY, *Instructor in Psychology*

STUDENT COUNCIL REPORT

Time passes too quickly. When the editor of MASMID approached me and asked me to write a resume of the work the Student Council has done this term, I realized that the term was nearing its conclusion. Another Student Council has done its work and placed its record in the annals of our school.

Many precedents were set this year in Student Council. For one, due to the enlargement of our school, a new Freshman class entering in February received full representation in our Council. There was no wavering, no bickering. The immediate admittance of the freshmen into the Council assures them a firm hold of student activities in future years when they will be the fashioners and retainers of traditions at Yeshiva College. Another precedent was the curtailment of dramatic activities in the College. I am sure that in the later years history will judge us well for having heeded the suggestion of President Belkin on this matter. I know that dramatics was a dear and beloved activity by many members of the student body, and not more dear to anyone than the writer of this report. But the Student Council weighed the facts and realized that due to the exigencies of the time, it was wiser to suspend this activity temporarily. This does not mean, however, that the society was entirely inactive. Many famous men in the dramatic field were invited to speak before the society.

The basketball team came into its own this year. Equipped with flashy uniforms, our superb team dashed through a schedule that would have tested the powers of a class A team. We met teams like L.I.U., Ellis Island, Columbia Naval Officers, Brooklyn College and the Rhode Island State tournament squad. We proved to be strong and outstanding. We even set a world record.

"The Commentator" set yet another precedent this year. For the first time in its history the editorship changed hands in mid-year. Both men did an excellent job with the paper. The proof that Masmid of 1945 is an outstanding publication is, of course, in your hands. The nationally famous French Club publication "Le Flambeau" was also issued to the students this year with its perrenial standards of excellence upheld.

The various clubs in our school held their meetings and annual functions with notable success. Special mention must be given to the CO-OP store for carrying on under war conditions. A book store, under the sponsorship of the Yeshiva and Yeshiva College, was innovated, selling books to the students at no profit. As a matter of fact, all the functions this term that were sponsored by Student Council were carried out on this no profit basis.

In ending I want to thank all the members of the Student Council for their splendid cooperation and their mature judgment in solving the many important problems that arose this year. I want to thank the leaders of our various groups and publications for doing such a competent job.

To the new president for the year 1946, congratulations and good luck!

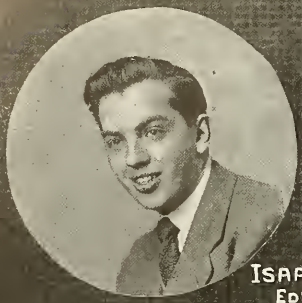
HAROLD MILLER

STUDENT COUNCIL MEMBERS

HAROLD MILLER
President

LEO LANDES
Vice-President

MORTON SIEGEL
Secretary-Treasurer



ISAAC FRIEDMAN
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

NATHAN ROSENBAUM
Associate Editor

JULIUS LIEBB
Literary Editor

BERNARD
Ass't. Busin

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CHARLES SIEGEL

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Photography Staff

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ARTHUR HELLER

JOSEPH GERSHBAUM
MANAGING EDITOR

RBACH
anager

ELIHU ELEFANT
Business Manager

JOSHUA SHAPIRO
Associate Editor

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We Would Like to Thank —

DR. IRVING LINN, Professor of English for his splendid help and cooperation in the preparation of the Literary Section!

ARTHUR HELLER for taking many of the better pictures in this magazine and for the generous use of his photographic equipment!

SHMIEL WALDMAN for being there where we needed him most!

The many who contributed their time in writing the various activity reports!

Those who wrote for the Literary Section but whose work could not be published for lack of space!

The many students who aided us with the procurement of ads and funds!

The members of the administration, faculties, and the student body for facing our flash bulbs and cameras without biting!

The executive offices for the use of their plates!

Classes

Lower Freshman Class

It was a frigid day in December when the good (?) news came in. Dean Isaacs of Yeshiva College announced to the graduating class of Talmudical Academy that all precedents would be broken and a sixteen-credit program would be provided for a new Spring freshman class. Furthermore, instead of the run-of-the-mill subjects such as P.T., Hygiene and Speech (usually offered to February misfits) such vitally interesting and captivating subjects as Hebrew, Bible, Jewish History and Jewish Ethics would be offered.

Needless to say, a substantial group of the high-school graduating class of Talmudical Academy, plus zealots from many other schools, decided not to waste the Spring term outside of the Yeshiva College—so they invested their life-savings and paid the various entrance fees required by the college. Thus, with light hearts, lighter heads and lightened pocketbooks, twenty or more intrepid adventurers embarked upon their college careers.

Even before the first lecture started, the class politicians set to work. Class officials were elected and representation was secured in the Student Council. The ambitious, but naive, freshmen infiltrated into every existing extra-curricular activity to carry the burden of the heavy work and run all the errands. Everyone in the college soon became aware of the wide-awake freshmen class. But you can't fool all of the freshmen all of the time.

The boys in the class of Feb. '49 learned all the ropes quickly. Within a week they knew all the tricks—from slipping in late compositions to dodging the Masmid raffle peddlers and solicitors. After two weeks they knew as much about the college as did the Executive Council. They then settled down to four years of hard work.

The class realizes it has to face many problems, and united it will meet them all. Its main object is to retain its identity and not to be swamped by the incoming freshmen. If the class succeeds, it will have a happy stay in college, free from program and other difficulties that make college students gray at an early age.

STANLEY WEXLER, President

FRESHMAN CLASS

Boasting, among other things, the largest roster of any class to have entered Yeshiva College, the class of '48 stands ready to take the torch (get a hotfoot) from anyone who thinks it's too hot to handle. It was, however, not only in size that the class exhibited its uniqueness. The freshmen displayed, for freshmen, a keen interest in extra-curricular activities, and not a single activity was left uninvaded by the newcomers.

Charles Siegel, hailing from Lancaster, Penn., was elected class president. Max Raab, Philadelphia, Penn., held the vice-presidential post, while Abe Shapiro, Passaic, New Jersey, was in charge of class athletics.

The freshmen were a group of well-meaning students who inspired their pedagogues to exclaim with unremitting fury, "What fools these mortals be!" When in future years we scan the comic strips for likely material for book reports and homilies, the sight of that "mortal" phrase will precipitate a wave of reminiscences.

In a more serious vein, the freshmen class abounds in ability and willingness to work and promises to fulfill the fondest expectations of those who have the interests of Yeshiva College at heart.

CHARLES SIEGEL, President

SOPHOMORE CLASS

From all 'round the earth, not to mention some flatheads from Brooklyn, the men of '47 ventured into the hallowed halls of Yeshiva, carrying with them the necessary paraphernalia for their sojourn here: blank checks, an agile thumb, a polished apple, and a desire for knowledge.

The Sophomores experienced the vicissitudes and abornormalities of school life—registration queues—Mandlekorn and Zeifman thrust on a turbulent Council—the Newfoundland cherub's giggle—the Massachusetts surveys—the glib tongue of "Brighto" silencing the senile—Ph.D. Levine returning our "considerable" breakage fees—the California drizzles—Kagan meeting his function of a function.

As Sophomores these redoubtable "men" lethargically nodded Zeifman and Fredman, two foreign yokels, into Council; witnessed the Twersky-Weisenberg nuptials; caught Scharfstein "japping" at everyone's 4-H; engaged in the quest for centrifuge tubes and fruit flies; found Younger still probing the "Nation"; discovered a long lost "Longchamp" behind the Times; heard the Schwarz-Churgin responsa and we write no comps; stood by with averted faces while Cohn inaugurated a course in explosives with a bang—l'amour francaise versus l'esprit gaulois. But everything becomes negligible as we are dubbed the "worst class ever to enter Yeshiva."

Such are the men of '47—still polishing the apple to supplement the shine on their trousers and a little perturbed about anyone's desire for knowledge.

ZEIFMAN, President

JUNIOR CLASS

After two years of toil and trouble we begin to see "the promised land" as a light from afar! . . . We go looking for the **"stuff"** and find Philo I which is only **"stuffy."** . . . Expecting to be congratulated, we find ourselves debunked . . . Litman (don't ever quote me!) **"promotes" us.** We are now truly upperclassmen.

The year moves on. We get accustomed to our new position—and like it. We take Klotz expecting to be lionized with Daniel, and end up with Arabic, Semitics, and rudiments of semantics (or thereabouts) all in Hebrew and—Babylonian.

Abraham Werner heads the class. Seymour Weller is Vice-President . . . Class meetings are held twice a term. Some fellows even attend.

The boys are saddened by the news of Lenny Klappholz's death on the Western Front.

Lloyd Tennenbaum and Bernie Weisberg are on Governing Board of Commie. **"Teery"** Reichel and Jack Rabinowitz streamline the Co-op—no candy, no cigarettes . . . you can still get Schaeffer Washable black, tho. . . .

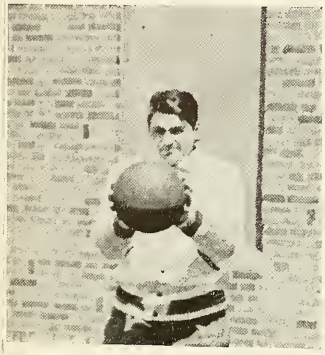
"Hydrolysis" occurs when class splits up into social science majors and those interested in "Chemical Bore-fare." Atomic structure theories become actualized by presence of prof's atomic structure . . . Quest for missing test tubes ends up in "friend's" drawer . . . Rush for return of **"breakage fee"** ends in stampede—a real **"fee for all."** . . . Juniors show up in quantity for Qual, but only in quality for Quan.

Some of us take English 15 and get Lost in Paradise with Fleisher, Milton, and a few selected English majors. Others dig up Ancient Greece and Rome with Kristeller . . . A lot of us feel that the science major searching for unknowns really epitomizes all of us. We are searching—dimly perceiving, yet scarcely knowing what. . . .

The year is over. We have found that for which we looked. But it has not slaked our thirst for knowledge . . . it has merely fired it. Now we can really start searching.

WERNER, President

Basketball



BLUE AND WHITE

The 1944-45 cage campaign proved the most eventful in Yeshiva basketball annals. The hoopsters, under the competent tutelage of mentor Nat Kraditor, a former semi-pro ace, racked up 12 triumphs in 20 starts. While opposing the most formidable opposition, the Mites have shown to advantage and earned for themselves a place high in the basketball sun.

The cagers received the accolades of the press and the plaudits of fandom for their spirited and plucky brand of play this season. Ever since the inception of the court sport at Yeshiva, the Quints have played the role of underdogs while battling dauntlessly against superior opposition. This season's schedule filled with squads of grade A caliber found this year's edition of the Mites carrying on in the tradition of its predecessors.

For the first time in the school's basketball history the quinthooplets have sallied forth from the metropolitan area to engage in court warfare. They journeyed to Kingston, Rhode Island, where they fell victims before the race-horse tactics of R. I. State's tournament squad 130-74. The Kingston debacle cracked two national marks, and "backed" Yeshiva into the basketball record books. Despite the decisiveness of the shellacking, the Mites had entered the sport's "big time."

Led by Captain Stan Doppelt, the Kraditormen utilized a fast-breaking offence to register 1,110 tallies this season, an average of 55.5 per tilt. They caged 455 field-goals and made good on 200 charity tosses. Doppelt averaged 14.7 points per contest, sinking 220 markers in 15 ball games. Kid Doppelt, younger brother of the Mites' floor leader, and scrappy Sammy Rosenblum contributed 210 and 206 counters respectively. Defensively, the combined opposition was limited to 1,018 points or 50.9 per setto. Bedo Scharfstein and durable Marv Fredman bore the burden of the Mites' defensive play.

The injury jinx plagued the battle-weary Quints down the stretch. Without the services of their captain for 5 contests, and the other regulars for a tussle or two each, the Mites were found wanting and red-lettered several struggles that might otherwise have been recorded in the black.

Through the efforts of a metropolitan daily, the Yeshiva five engaged in a benefit tilt with the Fordham Rams, and emerged on the long end of a 42-35 count. Proceeds of the game's 1200 paid admissions served to enrich the coffers of the Infantile Paralysis Fund.

DOPPELT, KORCHAK, *together with Sport Writers* KRASNER *and* GINSBURG, *Scorer* SLOCKOWSKY, *and Timekeeper* ZELKOWITZ.

A GROUP SHOT OF TEAM

Cheering Squad: ELEFANT, SOFER, SHAPIRO

The season's most thrilling encounter was the finale conquest of the Manhattan Beach Coast Guard court squad. Trailing throughout the tilt, the Mites suddenly quickened and snatched the contest from the fire in the waning moments of play. The 48-47 loss to the Brooklyn Army Base quintet was another game that left the fans holding their breath at the final whistle.

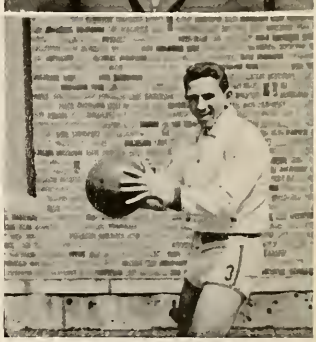
The Mites are favored by a returning squad of veterans and a revamped athletic set-up for the forthcoming cage campaign. If fortune chooses to smile on them, the Quints can attain the apogean heights for which they strive.

YESHIVA COLLEGE

40	Fort Totten	31
41	Brooklyn College	52
79	Pratt Institute	50
38	N.Y.U. Commerce	35
65	Hofstra	26
55	N. Y. Cathedral	36
41	Columbia Naval Officers	43
73	N. Y. Cathedral	61
59	Hofstra	40
64	Pratt Institute	40
42	Fordham	35
65	Columbia Naval Officers	42
47	Brooklyn Army Base	48
51	Alumni	20
40	Wagner	51
54	Long Island University	68
57	Brooklyn Cathedral	69
51	Ellis Island C. G.	72
74	Rhode Island State	130
74	Manhattan Beach C. G.	69
1,110	Totals	1,018

INDIVIDUAL SCORING

Player	G.	F.G.	F.	P.
S. Doppelt	15	90	40	220
M. Doppelt	19	85	40	210
Rosenblum	16	88	30	206
Fredman	20	70	33	173
Scharfstein	18	51	23	125
S. Friedman	8	19	9	47
M. Friedman	16	14	5	33
Adler	17	13	1	27
Pomerantz	17	7	11	25
Sass	16	8	3	19
Beinhorn	14	5	0	10
Jaret	4	2	4	8
Sherman	3	1	1	3
Fenster	10	1	0	2
Abrams	12	1	0	2
Totals	20	455	200	1,110



Top — EARL KORCHAK, *Athletic Manager*
Bottom — STAN DOPPELT, *Captain*

Quints Capsize Coast Guard; Yeshiva - Vs - Fordham
Outrun P... R. I. State, 130-74 For Paralysis Drive
Quints Defeat ...merce 38-35
Season's Finale Yeshiva Tops
Yeshiva Gains ...rills Gallery Ft. Totten In
Record Books Mites Steamr...ler Pratt; ...ening Tilt
The Hard Way Ellis Island ...ishes Y.C.
Fast Break Again Proves Powerful
The Bedo Cages 21 As Sets Hit
New Coach For ...es
B'klyn Cathedral Mites Down Naval Quintet
Mites Is Former ... Fast Break
Surprises Mi... T. A. Basketee... arks Quints
Quint Sink... In Sto... Garden Invite
Old-Timers Quinthooplets Capture Pair
Quints Roll Up Two Wins; May Hinge On
Top Hofstra, N. Y. Cathedral
Defeate... By Brooklyn, 52-41 Fordham Fray

The Com

Official Undergraduate Ne

VOL. 10 NEW YORK CITY

"Commie"-- The Voice of Yeshiva Students--

In spite of several rearrangements and changes in its Governing Board, "The Commentator" maintained its traditionally high degree of excellence this year.

The bi-weekly faithfully served as the students' "watchdog" in presenting Yeshiva College news and views as well as formulating a forthright editorial policy. The "Commentator's" journalistic merit was reacclaimed by the Associated Collegiate Press in the awarding of a First Class Honor rating.

Although the Governing Board positions changed hands in the middle of the year, the publicaton suffered no ill effects as was evidenced by the calibre of the papers issued. The editorial policy was molded in a clear, concise fashion, clamoring in the first semester, for clarification of the administration's relationship to student activities, and then in the second semester, for a consistent administrative policy as well as actual guidance for the "integrated student."

Volumes twenty and twenty-one in their coverage of the news devoted much space to local and national Jewish affairs, ranging from the Vaad Hatzalah to Zionism. A measure of the unprecedented success of the refugee drive may well be attributed to the conscientious, effective publicity inaugurated by "The Commentator."

As of yore, feature articles and columns were of especial interest to the publication's readers. Of the literary material, Nate Rosenbaum's humorous **"Wit's End"** captured the fancy of the majority of the readers. Bernard Weisberg was **"On the Sidelines"** till the second term when Norm Krasner stepped in. In the second semester **"Meet the Seniors"** wended its way into the pages, while throughout the entire year, feature articles and an occasional **"Meet the Faculty"** were included. Students gave vent to their opinions on provocative matters in the periodically published **"Maybe I'm Wrong"** columns. In general, then, emphasis was placed on feature material.

The makeup and layout previous to this year followed a more or less conservative pattern, but '44-'45 was exceptionally attractive in re the format. Worthy of special mention are the issue in which President Belkin's prospectus was published; the President Roosevelt Memorial issue; and the anniversary issue of "The Commentator." The sudden death of President Roosevelt shocked the entire institution and in the spirit of the national grief "The Commentator" issued an appropriatae issue.

In celebrating its tenth anniversary of publication, the Governing Board paid tribute to all the editors who preceded them in a special issue. A masterful piece of journalism was performed in the anniversary issue—masterful in the layout as well as in the write-up of all the Governing Boards.

BERNARD WEISSBERG
News Editor

HERMAN TANENBAUM
Editor-in-Chief (Spring)

NORMAN KRASNER
Sports Editor

mentator

spaper Of Yeshiva College

SEPTEMBER-JUNE, 1944-45 NO. 1 TO 15

"Commie" Governing Boards Change During Year. Tanenbaum Replaces Mandelbaum.

For the first time in its history the editorship of the "Commentator" changed hands in mid-year. Editor-in-chief of "Commie" during the fall semester was Allen Mandelbaum. His graduation in February precipitated a number of changes. The Governing Board at the time of Mandelbaum's exit included Herman Tanenbaum, Managing Editor, Lloyd Tennenbaum, News Editor, Bernard Weisberg, Sports Editor, and Marvin Bloom, Business Manager.

In the spring semester, Herman Tanenbaum was elevated to the position of Editor-in-Chief. Having served with Mandelbaum in his sophomore year as co-copy editor and in his junior year as co-news editor, Tanenbaum slipped easily into the breach created by Mandelbaum's graduation. Lloyd Tennenbaum assumed the Managing Editorship and Bernard Weisberg left the "Sidelines" to become News Editor. Norman Krasner was elected Sports Editor taking the post vacated by Weisberg. Joseph Appleman, Business Manager, rounded out the Board.

At the start of the spring semester the new Governing Board announced that since the positions of News Editor and Managing Editor was equal in difficulty and importance, they would be regarded as equal in rank. Heretofore, the Managing Editorship had been considered one rung higher in the Governing Board hierarchy.

The "Commie" Governing Board Poses

Official Undergraduate Newspaper of
YESHIVA COLLEGE
Published bi-weekly throughout the College Year at Yeshiva College
Washington Heights, New York City

GOVERNING BOARD
HERMAN TANENBAUM
Editor-in-Chief

LLOYD TENNENBAUM, Managing Editor — BERNARD WEISBERG, News Editor
NORMAN KRASNER, Sports Editor
JOSEPH APPLMAN, Business Manager

MANAGING BOARD

MOSHE PEARLSTEIN, Copy Editor
NATHAN ROSENBAUM, Feature Editor
SEYMOUR KATZ, Circulation Manager

REPORTERS: Harold Schulweis '45, Raphael Levy '46, Michell Geller '46, Sam Okun '47, Louis Bernstein '47, Stanley Rudoff '48, William Herskowitz '48, Seymour Schorr '48, Martin Appelbaum '48, Louis Avrutick '48, Milton Matz '48, Charles Siegel '48, Alex Soled '48.

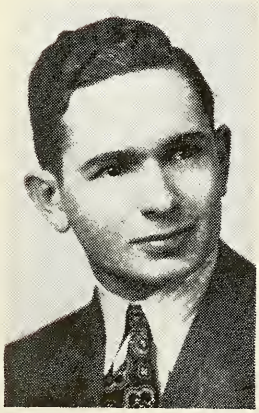
SPORTS REPORTERS: Lewis Ginsburg '48, Chaim Heifetz '48, Isadore Haitowitz '48.
BUSINESS STAFF: Robert Applebaum '48, Leonard Mandelcorn '48.
CIRCULATION STAFF: Morton Garfiel '46, Earl Klein '47, Solomon Shoulson '48, Arnold Singerman '47, Bado Scharfstein '46.

LLOYD TENNENBAUM
Managing Editor

ALLAN MANDELBAUM
Editor-in-Chief (Fall)

JOSEPH APPLMAN
Business Manager

LIBRARY STAFF



S. ZEIDES
Student Librarian

The last year has seen the Yeshiva College Library accelerating its growth and expanding its facilities and enterprises. Concomitant with this increase in Library holdings, there is the ever growing problem of space. Although several new ranges of shelving have been installed and a new store room has been opened, the Library still finds itself in cramped quarters. However, the hope of a complete renovation of the Library's housing is about to become a reality and plans for this important work are practically completed.

During the past year the Library's facilities in the purchase, preparation and circulation of books have been greatly expanded under the guidance of Professor Aaron M. Margalith and Solomon Zeides '45. There has also been an enlargement of the bibliographic and research aid division. The catalogue is nearing completion and Mr. Zeides predicts that it will be complete by the time the fall semester rolls around. The Library bindery that was established last year has proven its worth by restoring to us scores of damaged books.

Three new collections have been added to the Library's shelves; namely, the RAPHAEL GITELSON SOCIAL SERVICE LIBRARY, a health library under the sponsorship of the "Student Health Aid Society" under the guidance of Dr. David Swick, and a collection of works on economics and finance. The Library has also purchased many volumes to supplement its regular shelves and has acquired additional material by inter-library exchange. The periodical shelves have been carefully arranged and are now available to the students in its new and enlarged form.

INTERMURAL CHAMPS

Since the last game of their Junior year when the Seniors disillusioned the unbeaten men of '44 by eking out a thrilling victory in the waning moments of play, they have romped through every encounter with the lower classmen to cop the intramural championship.

Although competition was keen the entire year, it was clear from the outset that strong and determined opposition was needed to wrest the title from the favored Seniors. The season started off with the Sophomores dimming the Junior hopes by rolling up a 21-11 victory. Unable to repeat this performance, the Sophs dropped their next game to the powerful Senior team 20-6.

Rolling along with unbounded enthusiasm, the Senior juggernaut overran the inexperienced Freshmen 17-12.

As the teams moved on to the second half of the tournament, the Freshmen lost to the Sophs in a game which went into an overtime period. The final tally was 22-19. Undiscouraged the Freshmen came back and routed the Juniors by a score of 42-11. The Seniors rang down the final curtain by defeating the Juniors 17-11.

The final results showed the Sophomores in second place, followed closely by the Freshmen. The Juniors ended in the cellar. The outstanding players were: "Silent" Sorscher, "Lanky" Schiff, Marty Sofer, Earl Korchak, Pinky Peyser, "Yup" Gershbaum, Josh Shapiro, Marv Zelkowitz, Ellie Elefant, and Ike Friedman.

Intramural basketball was directed this year by our capable senior athletic manager, Joe Nissel.

WAR COUNCIL

Under the capable guidance of its chairman, Joseph Gershbaum '45, the War Council brought to a close a very successful year. Following the maxim that "In unity there is strength," the War Council of the College combined with those of the other three institutions that comprise the Rabbi Isaac Elchanan Theological Seminary. The war bond goal of one hundred thousand dollars purchase value was reached with the assistance of Mrs. Deborah Weisenthal and Miss Phyllis Boorstein. The drive was accelerated by written appeals to the parents and by a twenty-four hour bond delivery service. The repsonse to the sixth and seventh war loans was very gratifying.

Urgent calls for blood donors, publicized in the "Commentator," were answered by over 200 volunteers. Too much credit cannot be given to the boys who broke appointments, cut classes, and gave of their own free time to fill this vital need.

In a short but effective campaign which lasted but one day, the amazing total of two hundred dollars was collected for the National War Fund. This campaign was cut short due to the urgency of the Vaad Hahatzalah "Save a Life" drive which brought in twenty-five thousand dollars in one month. The students contributed the munificent sum of one hundred and thirty dollars. All the campaigns exceeded their quotas.

The representative for the College was Alex Soled '47, Morton Gordon '45, Joseph Appleman '47, Kordesh '48, and Paleyoff '48 collected for the other branches.

VAAD HATZALAH

✡

In a vigorous and intensive one month campaign (Dec. 11-Jan. 11), over $27,000 was raised for the Vaad Hatzalah, by the students of Yeshiva and Yeshiva College. The Student Council, faculties, and Alumni of all departments in the institution cooperated. The College Alumni Association succeeded in raising over $2500.

The Chairman of this campaign was Simon L. Eckstein '44, a senior rabbinical student, who was ably assisted by Samuel Blech and Harry Samson. The drive was officially opened with a student assembly on Dec. 11, which was addressed by President Belkin, Rabbi Kalmanowitz of the central office of the Vaad Hatzalah and Milton Furst '42, President of the Student Organization of the Yeshiva. Pep talks, chart progress, and individual class competition were features of the campaign.

It is with a deep sense of pride in our student body that we congratulate all those who participated in this venture and who helped make it a success. Let us hope that we shall soon be able to channelize these energies in more enjoyable enterprises.

Rabbi Volk's class under the chairmanship of Aaron Feuerstein '47 raised $2000 to lead the school. Rabbi Lifshitz's Chulin class was first in the Bes Medrash downstairs and class I-B led the Teachers Institute. Eight classes topped the thousand dollar mark. They were in order: Volk, Gorelick, Belkin, Yoreh Deah, Burack and Paleyoff. Outstanding among the individual collectors were Alexander Freedman of Yoreh Deah with $850. The Pioneers of Israel through Leo Schwartz '45 raised $750 followed by Jacob Spiegel of class I-B of the Teachers Institute with $716.

DEBATING SOCIETY

The Yeshiva College Debating Society began its activities during the early years of the College's organization and has played an active part in the extra-curricular school life of the College and Seminary. The conscious aim of the Society is two fold: first, to train students in speaking well before audiences and over the air, and second, to discuss current topics of interest and importance with similar groups in other colleges and seminaries throughout the city and nearby states.

This year, 1944-45 debating teams from the Society engaged in ten major debates, three of which were over the air (Station WNYC), and arranged for special speakers on such topics as Zionism, Post-War Peace Planning, and Judaism in the United States. Preference is given to senior members of the team and this year for the first time freshmen and sophomore members of the Society were given extensive opportunities to debate as part of the varsity. The results were encouraging.

Outstanding freshman member of this year's team was Charles Siegel '49. Senior debating members included Harold Schulweis, manager; Israel Slokowsky, vice-president; Morton Siegel, president; Bernard Auerbach, Harold Miller, Herman Tennenbaum and Earl Korchak.

Colleges debated included the following: Columbia University, New York University, and Brooklyn College. Because of wartime conditions the proposed Eastern Seaboard tour was postponed. The '45-46 season should see a tour of the New England States in the fall semester and of the Central States during the spring.

CO-OP

A different locale and a new coat of paint has not affected the popularity of the Yeshiva College Cooperative Store and it still remains the most frequented spot in the building. Due to the efforts of Sol Reichel '46 and Jacob Rabinowitz '46, manager and assistant manager respectively, the Co-op's counter always contained an appetizing array of cakes and candies. Despite the disappearance of the pre-war delicacies from the market, students were occasionally treated to chocolate-coated mounds, Hersheys, Nestles, Milky Ways, and other hard-to-get sweets. Cigarettes were distributed fairly by means of a rationing system. Once a week, a long line testified to the fact that the popular brands were being doled out.

The Co-op maintained a fully-equipped stationery department to handle the needs of the Yeshiva College scholars. Fluorescent desk lamps were sold at great reduction to those desiring "to burn the midnight oil." An added attraction was a complete line of gym equipment from shoe laces to sweat shirts. The Remington shavers joined the Shicks on the war casualty lists nearly causing an epidemic of "duration" beards.

The book store, formerly part and parcel of the Co-op, became a separate entity but the students still flocked to the Co-op to obtain such publications as Commentator, Masmid, and Niv.

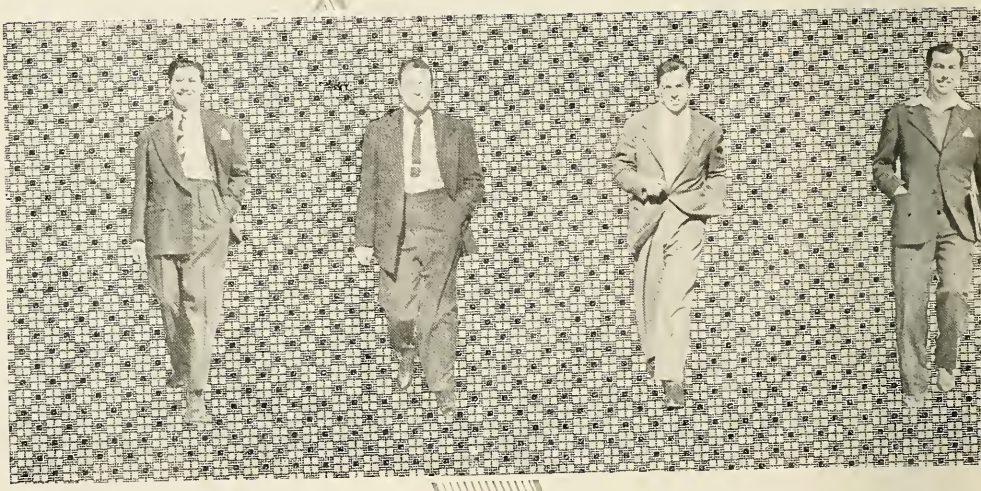
Joe Nissel '45, Walter Spielman '47, and Irving Weisel '47 rounded out the hard-working staff.

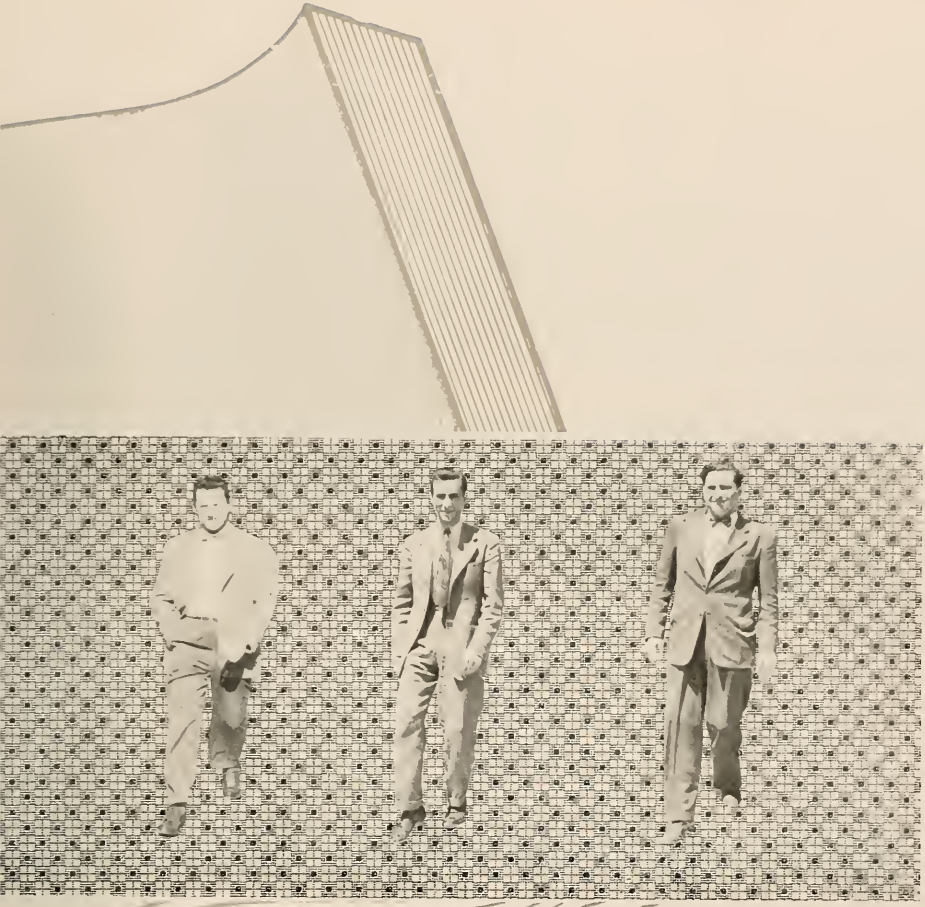
CONCERT BUREAU

This year the Concert Bureau went in for quality rather than quantity. The major portion of the tickets procured were for recitals at Town Hall and Carnegie Hall. Tickets were also made available for "Carmen Jones," "Porgy and Bess" and other Broadway shows at a considerable reduction for the students.

Sam Bloom '46, Michelle Geller '46, Morris Goodman '46, and Seymour Fenichel '46 are the students responsible for making this year's bureau one of the best in the history of the school.

WHO'S WHO AMONG STUDENTS IN AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES





(Reading from Left to Right)

NATHAN ROSENBAUM
HAROLD MILLER
ISAAC M. FRIEDMAN
MORTON SIEGEL
HERMAN TANENBAUM
ALLEN MANDELBAUM
LEO LANDES

SCIENCE CLUB

Having been organized in 1944, the Scientific Society is the youngest organization at Yeshiva College. With two years of scientific study coursing through our grey matter, the smell of chemical solutions and biological preservatives well ingrained in us, the idea of organizing a scientific society fell on fertile ground. Originally the brain child of Pinky Peyser, the organization was brought to fruition by the combined efforts of the hardy science majors. Parliamentary meetings were not for these battle-worn veterans of eight-hour chem labs and lung-torturing Bio dissections. But the lectures on varied topics of science from "Endocrine Glands" to "Dementia Praecox" presented by the top-notchers in their respective fields were well-attended and enthusiastically received. Another form of relaxation initiated by the society was the projects which gave the participants a foretaste of scientific research and also taught them invaluable technique.

The first project was the production of Penicillin. Although the specialized equipment necessary to produce the final salt was lacking, the project was successfully completed up to that point. Another endeavor which is still being carried on is the photographing of Biological Microscope slides. Despite a burdened program the participants have already produced several photographs with the use of an ordinary camera. If successful, the society hopes to be able to publish these pictures in the form of a complete Bio course. This will be a heavenly boon to all those who have spent untold eye-straining hours peeking through the microscope.

Considering the varied facets of science, the Society's potentialities are infinite.

CHUG IVRI

Throughout the past two years the popularity of the Chug Ivri has encouraged the use of the Hebrew language at times other than in prayer or in the performance of rituals. While the main function of the Chug is to make the students more Hebrew-conscious and give them the opportunity to express themselves in their own language, it also serves as a workshop for those who want more intensive and practical knowledge of Hebrew Literature—Song and Hebrew Belles Lettres. Consequently, our חוג has sponsored large אספות where outstanding lecturers discuss choice topics of Jewish interest. The informal meetings have the object of instilling understanding and appreciation of modern Hebrew Literature into the members.

The Chug also serves as a clearing group for Zionists who cannot find the Hebrew atmosphere elsewhere.

The Chug has tried to contribute its leadership and cooperation in making Hebrew and Hebrew groups a going concern rather than a pious desire.

החוג העברי השנה המעיט בחזמנת נואמים מן החוץ והתרכז ביחוד בפעילות פנימיות לחברים. מעת לעת נערכו אספות תרבותיות מעניינות. באמצעות החוג הופצו „הדיאר", „נב", ואף ספרים עבריים בגון „שירי יהודה הלוי" בעריכת ד"ר שמעון ברנשטיין, וספרי שירתו של גבריאל פרייל „נוף שמש וכפור".

חברי החוג ואף הבריתם שלא מצאו פנאי להשתתף בכל פעולות החוג הראו התעניינות מרובה במפעל העברי.

המפנה העיקרי חל בזה שנקשר קשר חזק לאגודת הנוער העברי במכללות — „הנוער המתלמד". נציגי החוג בקרו תדיר באספות הנוער המתלמד והשתתפו באיפן פעיל. אף חברי החוג העברי בקרו באספות הנוער המתלמד ונשפיו.

בראש החוג עמדו:

דוד נסא, נשיא; יהודה ציון, סגן־נשיא; אברהם שוב, מזכיר.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SOCIETY

A stirring address by Mr. William B. Ziff highlighted the activities of the International Relations Society in its eleventh year of existence. Mr. Ziff, who has gained nation-wide fame as a leading authority on airplane manufacturing, passed over the field of aviation to discuss the plight of the Jews in the growing framework of post-war reconstruction. The vigor and eloquence with which he presented his revealing facts and his conversant ease during the discussion periods sent many Yeshiva zealots scurrying to the library to read and reread Mr. Ziff's sensational best-seller, "The Rape of Palestine."

I.R.S. did not confine its activities to lectures and discussions on matters of significant political, diplomatic, and economic intrigues. Under the astute leadership of Dr. Aaron Margalith, faculty confidant, the society ventured forth to participate in the meetings of the Metropolitan International Relations Societies at Hofstra. There, prolix diatribes raged on Utopias and World Peace. I. H. Friedman, who was at the helm of the I.R.S. this year, led the discussion on the Role of Asia in the World of Tomorrow.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Although the Eranus (Classical Society) is one of the youngest clubs at Yeshiva College, having been organized less than three years ago, it is rapidly developing into one of the most popular extra-curricular functions. This expansion is in no small measure due to the more intensive program and display of interest exhibited by the vastly increased membership of the society. Under the able direction of its faculty advisor, Dr. Bernhard Floch, Professor of Latin and Greek, Eranos has presented an impressive series of noteworthy lectures by Drs. Litman, Kisch, Kristeller, and Mr. Katz. At each occasion, the society was host to numerous interested visitors. Besides the scintillating addresses by the faculty, individual participation in the form of talks delivered by members heightened the value and interest of the weekly programs. Among the topics discussed at the meetings were English as a Romance language, the history of the development of Greece and Rome, the architecture of Greece and Rome, and the necessity for a universal language.

The administration of the Eranos was efficiently managed by Nathan Zemel '45, president, Seymour Weller '46, vice-president, and Irving Wiesel '47, secretary.

CERCLE FRANCAIS

(FRENCH CLUB)

This year several innovations were made into the Cercle Francais. Conversational meetings in French were held several times in the course of the year. The Coaching group functioning a few times a week proved helpful to a number of aspiring Frenchmen.

Large audiences attended the lectures sponsored by the Cercle Francais to hear prominent Parisians speak on topics of immediate French-Jewish interest. The lectures were followed by discussion periods in which the listeners showed a lively interest in the problems dealt with by the speaker.

For the first time in the history of the Cercle Francais sound moving pictures were presented. They dealt with General De Gaulle, the Maquis, and concluded with the singing of "The Marseillaise" in which the whole audience spontaneously participated.

"The Flambeau" of '44 under the editorship of Fred Ehrenfeld was published at the beginning of the academic year, and maintained the traditional high standards of its predecessors. The outstanding feature of the magazine was an interview with M. Andre Spire, eminent Franco-Jewish poet, in which M. Spire discussed his life as a French Zionist and the history of French poetry. Most of the articles dealt with French writers and concerned themselves with one aspect of the author's work, as for example, "La Rochefoucauld et les Proverbes," "Rabelais et l'Education," and "Anatole France et Madame de Caillavet."

Another article of high literary merit was the autobiographical sketch of a march from death called "Un Reve." At present, material is being gathered for the "Flambeau" of '45 which Charles Spirn, editor, hopes to publish towards the end of this term.

The officers of Cercle Francais are: Professor Sydney Braun, Honorary President; Charles Spirn, President and Editor of the "Flambeau"; Raphael Levy, Vice-President; Numa Kronengold, Secretary.

DEUTSCHER VEREIN

(GERMAN CLUB)

Under the efficient leadership of its advisor, Prof. Ralph P. Rosenberg, the German Club has had one of its most successful seasons. The rising popularity of German courses at Yeshiva College was undoubtedly enhanced by the inspiring activities of the Deutscher Verein. Among the outstanding events of the season was a lecture delivered by Professor Malloy, a renowned scholar of German Literature. The annual Bier Fest, which has become a standing and popular tradition at Yeshiva College, proved to be a foaming success. At another occasion Dr. Klotz, Professor of Bible, spoke of the historical and literary significance of the Herodes and Mariamne leadership of Israel. He compared the reign of Herodes and Mariamne as set down by Josephus with that of the German playwright, Friedrich Hebbel.

The officers of the German Club are: Jack Kleinman '45, President, Moses Feuerstein '47, Vice-President, and Leonard Mandlecorn '48, Secretary-Treasurer.

Nazi brutality has not been able to blemish or desecrate contributions to world culture, whether they be of German origin or not. Nazi brutality has been powerless to destroy works of culture, for they have become integrated into the very civilization of the world. Acting under the inspiration of their advisor and friends, the members of the German Club have made this view of objective scholarship the guiding principle of all their activities.

The Deutscher Verein wishes to extend its thanks and express appreciation to its many adherents and friends who have helped in contributing to the success of the German Club. Until next year—Auf Wiedersehen.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

In the realm of student activities, dramatics is considered "primus inter pares." Hence the suspension of the activity has provoked the students, the alumni, and the college faculty.

These myriad individuals recollect that the enthusiastic thespians of previous years fashioned a series of theatrical productions, which were highly extolled by delighted audiences. Under the guiding hand of such stage luminaries as Mr. Anatole Winogradoff of Rialto fame and Chaim Brisman of the American Repertory Theatre, the players presented such proven Broadway successes as, "The Modern Prometheus," "Yellow Jack," and "In Time To Come." In addition to these presentations of a serious nature, the Dramatic Society annually staged the rollicking Varsity shows, which drew loud guffaws from the fun-loving audiences. No less an authority than Robert Coleman of the Mirror, hailed the Yeshiva College Players as one of the finest amateur theatrical groups in the city.

This year, however, we were concerned with and sensitive to that candid criticism which clearly reasoned that war years, a period of Jewish tragedy and international havoc, were not the occasion for jocular productions, or conviviality of any nature. That rationality was far from abstruse; therefore, in the light of the times we ourselves closed shop for the duration.

It is significant that the members of the society voted unanimously to maintain the organization even though it would forego the presentation of its annual productions. Its sole purpose in meeting this year was to prevent the organization from being reduced to oblivion.

Dr. Irving Linn, faculty advisor, guided the Society during this trying year, and Herman Tanenbaum, '45, served as President.

We, the guardians of old, leave this year; but we visualize a renewed resuscitated Dramatic Society in the bright new days to come. When laughter has returned to the world, the Yeshiva College Players will present again the finest in the field of amateur theatre.

HOBBY CLUB

Emerging from a spell of lethargic inaction, the Hobby Club's presentations have become one of the most popular and best attended extra-curricular activities of Yeshiva College. Founded by "Doc"—Peter Pan, the Magic Man—Hurwitz, instructor of Physical Education at Yeshiva and under the able management of Mandel Fisch '47, the Hobby Club has obtained the services of many prominent prestidigitators (magicians to the uninitiated) and lecturers—among them the famous Zovello and Dr. Weiss. The purpose of this club is to provide a medium through which the versatile Yeshiva student may express his desires or abilities in the field of magic, puzzles, novelties, and other similar pursuits.

Plans are, at present, being formulated for the further extension of the existing facilities of the organization. The Yeshiva College library has purchased several volumes of pertinent information. Several movie presentations and educational lectures are slated for the coming season.

Mandel Fisch has announced the method through which interested students may obtain bona-fide membership in this club. At each meeting the candidates for membership will be requested to perform any trick, novelty, et cetera, or even read any extremely interesting or humorous script. When the ability and progress of a candidate in this field becomes established, he will be admitted as a member in good standing.

Judging from the interest displayed by the students in the past, the Hobby Club is due to become one of the major extra-curricular activities of Yeshiva College.

ドキュメント

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The Problem of The American Rabbi

By BENJAMIN CHINITZ

The character of Jewish life in a particular environment is determined by two factors, one constant, the other variable. The constant factor is the whole body of law and the variable factor is the nature of the particular environment. Jewish life in Palestine during the reign of the Kings was influenced by the Torah and conditions in Palestine at the time. Jewish life in "Surah and Pumpedithah" was the reflection of Torah on a Babylonian background. Similarly, the European Jew of the Nineteenth century is the compound of Sinai and Europe of the Nineteenth century. If a mathematical equation could tell the story of Jewish life, it would be of this type, Y=T+X, meaning, that Jewish life at any given time in any given place was the resultant of two forces, one constant, Torah, the other, variable, conditions of living at the particular time in the particular place. Hence, the difference in the general character between Jewish life in one location and that of another. Equal in "soul" but differing in their "bodies," Rabbi Akiba and the Chofetz Chaim were of necessity two different people. The Jew of the past and the Jew of the present, the Jew of the East and the Jew of the West, all having their eyes focused on the same unchanging and constant heavens, but with their feet on the fast and ever changing earth assume appearances which are far from being identical.

It cannot be denied that our "constant" factor is one which admits slight variation in the form of additions to the law decided upon by the authorities to meet with the requirements of a particular set of conditions. The provision having been made that such additions may be revoked only by an authority which is more authentic than the one which fashioned the new law, and no such authority existing, these laws have become a permanent part of Jewish law. However, these changes in the law cannot account for the variation in the sum total of Jewish life as time goes by or as it changes its location.

It follows, therefore, that when Judaism is to be transplanted from one location to another, it cannot be expected to assume, in its new setting, the same form as it did in its old setting. Retaining every detail of its theory, it will however vary from its past, as a result of the necessary change of conditions, just as surely as the resultant of two forces will change with the change in one of the two forces.

To insist that this change should not take place is to deny the passing of time and the variations in the surface of the earth. Just as it would be absurd to expect similar affirmations of faith from all believing people, so it is equally absurd to expect that the performance of Jewish ritual, in one locality at one time should coincide perfectly with similar activity in another locality at another time. There is always the transient "body" element present which has no claim to holiness except at the moment when it serves as a basis and means for the realization of the divine and permanent values. When the divine is sought again, it is of necessity by different means and on a different basis. The old foundations must be discarded. Their preservation may interest novelists and historians but can be very detrimental to the welfare of the divine idea which is to be transplanted on different foundations. The "idea" must pass unadulterated from father to son except to the extent that has been indicated previously. Let not the father insist that his son do things the way he did them. Let him only insist that he do those things. Let him not insist that his son walk in his footsteps. Let him only insist the he keep his eyes focused in the same direction.

Let us try to apply this simple hypothesis to Jewish life in America. The problem here as everywhere has been to realize the Torah ideal in the American setting. There have been three types of solutions. Affirming the incompatibility of the Orthodox Jewish ideal with modern American life, some have proceeded to strip the "idea" of what they considered to be its repelling aspects in order to make it presentable to the American mentality. Those who denied the divinity of the Torah proceeded with this "amputation" very fearlessly. It is very logical to claim that an idea which is the birth of human thought cannot be imposed per se on eternity, since it is necessarily influenced by the particular setting of its birth, such setting being continually subject to change. Those who retained their faith in the divinity of the Jewish Law were either audacious enough to pit their judgment against the Lords or insisted that certain elements of the Law were never intended to be imposed on all generations. Others were convinced The Almighty certainly overlooked this generation when considering the compatibility of His Law with conditions of life from Sinai to eternity.

The reaction to this kind of solution, demonstrated with special vigor by the latest arrivals to this country from the shattered ruins of European Jewry, has been an attempt to negate America. Zealously devoted to the realization of the Jewish ideal in all its aspects and constantly on guard to condemn the slightest disparagement of its smallest detail, they have committed the error, which we have discussed. They have attempted to plant on American soil not the Torah way of life but the European Jewish way of life. The American Jew may consider adopting Judaism but he will never consent to live like his European ancestors did when the Jewish ideal is presented to him in European clothes. He rejects both as belonging to a previous age and a different set of conditions. The immigrant, on the other hand, regarding everything American as detrimental to his faith, but being unable to live in complete isolation, struggles to hold on to his past against the pressure of the present. The father arriving here, continues to speak in Yiddish, although it is not the language of the land, and resents any attempt to impose the new language on him. He associates with his fellow immigrants to preserve as much as possible the atmosphere of the "old home." He goes about his material affairs very carefully to avoid being polluted by the foreign atmosphere. The son who is born here plays in the American

street and speaks English and learns quickly what America has to offer. He gradually develops a negative attitude to his father's teachings. There is a sharp clash and the chain is broken.

Proceeding from our original hypothesis it is evident that the correct solution is the one whose premises are the constant, divine, and eternal nature of the ideal and the variable ever changing nature of the setting, wherein the ideal must be realized. As Orthodox Jews we affirm the divinity of the written and oral Law, accept the authority of the Rabbis, and insist that the whole body of Jewish Law was prescribed for all times, except where specific provision is made to the contrary. At the same time, we live in the world of today and not of yesterday, America and not Europe. American Jewish life is not to be shaped along the same lines as European Jewish life of the ghetto era. Whereas the heavens above are everywhere the same, the earth here is different. The Jewish ideal when presented to the American Jew must be stripped of all those elements which on no legal basis but only through ignorance have been identified with the ideal itself. The dust of centuries must be removed and by no means should the American Jew feel that he is less of a Jew because he expresses his faith a bit differently that did his European father. He is a different Jew but no less of a Jew, just as the European Jew who differed from the Babylonian Jew was no less of a Jew for that reason.

Only the mechanic who has studied the manifold aspects of each of two forces can bring these two forces to work as one without repelling each other. Only the chemist who is thoroughly acquainted with the properties of each of two elements can successfully compound them. Only the farmer who knows his soil and his seed can expect good crops. Only the director who knows his play and his stage can succeed with his performance. What of the American Rabbi? Surely, it is true likewise of him that he must have adequate knowledge of the faith that he preaches and the life which is going on around him. If he is to achieve the delicate balance of the various forces, certainly he must be acquainted with these forces. His knowledge of Jewish Law must be vast if he is to present it unadulterated to those who will obey his word. It will not suffice for him to have a smattering of only a few branches of the Law. Rather he must pursue the study of the Law with the thoroughness of a scientist. Otherwise, how dare he set himself up as an authority of the Law to add to the general confusion and misunderstanding! At the same time, if he is to make the Law an active force in Jewish life, then he cannot afford to be ignorant of the field wherein his law is brought into play. It is necessary for him to be internally acquainted with all aspects of modern American life before he can effectively introduce his inherited beliefs. If he lacks the knowledge of the Law, he will have nothing to communicate. If he lacks the knowledge of conditions, he will have no means of communicating his knowledge.

In some camps there has been a tendency to neglect the former, the result being that a solution of Judaism varying in its percentage of dilution is fed to the public. In some camps the latter has been neglected, the result being that Judaism remains with the few who are living in the past and is rejected by the moderns as an old idea. Yeshiva is somewhere in between. But the Yeshiva man will fail unless he is both a scholar of "Halachah" and a leader of men. A rare combination, but nothing less will do.

"Zionism" (An Analysis)

By MORTON SEIGAL

The Zionistic movement, which saw its birth during that period of European history characterized by nationalistic upsurges, suffers from an identification with these movements. Proponents and critics of Zionism alike have failed to realize that the essential nature of the Zionistic movement is not purely nationalistic rejuvenation but rather an upsurge of consciousness that collective effort implies existence while individual procedures (whether assimilation or reformism) imply destruction.

The cry of nationalism, which has always been attached to the Zionist movement, has harmed rather then forwarded its goal. Nationalism in and by itself has long ago been outmoded by philosophical reasoning of all sorts, and in contemporary times the rejection of nationalism is seeping down to the great masses of the people. The present conflict, it is not incorrect to say, unlike previous wars, has caused an upsurge of internationalistic feelings rather than nationalistic sentiments. In such a context it would be folly for the leaders of Zionism to continue an emphasis upon the nationalistic elements of Zionism. This in no way means a relinquishing of the ideal of a national homeland in Palestine: it does mean that the drive for Palestine is to be motivated by modern political philosophies and not by archaic modes of procedure. Palestine will have an attractiveness to the intellectual and, what is most important, to the common Jew—the worker—if it is explained to him in terms that he can understand and will accept. Palestine must be presented to the world as a country embodying an integrative effort rather than a simple attempt to establish another state in the world system which is rapidly coming to reject the multiplicity of states (in a politico-economic sense) in favor of the hegemony of a world state of international nature.

Zionists must come to the realization that the appeal to nationalism has no appreciable effect to any extent on the mentality of the average Jew. To some of the middle-class Jews, a nationalistic Palestine, irrespective of its economic and political constitution, is a modern Garden of Eden. To the Jewish worker, such is not the case. American Zionism has suffered most from this constant emphasis upon the nationalist elements of Zionism. It will be noticed that the European Zionist parties prior to the war attracted large numbers of workers. The reason is not obscure: the European Zionist leaders emphasized consistently the Collectivist elements of Zionism while not neglecting at the same time the nationalistic aspects involved.

To some, what has been said may appear to be a paradox of no mean proportions. The question immediately arises: How can collectivism and nationalism go together? Throughout, collectivism has been regarded as paralleling the rise of internationalism which obviously negates nationalism. Thus collectivism and national-

ism cannot coexist. The paradox is an imaginary one, however, and will so appear when the terms employed are sufficiently defined. Nationalism is nothing more than a cohesive group with common sentiments, customs, traditions and ideals inhabiting a certain area: collectivism is nothing more than the realization that the economic and political interests of one nation are intimately tied up with other nations externally and that internally popular ownership of industry and other means of production are necessary to create a secure and happy life.

A Zionist Palestine, then, would have its own culture, its own government and an economy stemming from the most modern economic theories and not the philosophical and economic disintegrationist sophistries of those who follow Adam Smith and the pessimistic Ricardians and Malthusians of the 17th and 18th centuries. The Zionist must face the issue squarely—a Palestine that is nationally healthy and philosophically sound cannot be based upon a collective national-political effort while it proceeds in accordance with an individualistic economic effort. Nationalism interwoven with collectivism provides for two essential things: first, it will make possible a national Palestine as part of an international organization; secondly, it will attract that stratum of Judaism which has looked askance at Zionism as a middle-class, Utopian, tea-party strawberry-festival movement. It will attract the only class that can make Palestine a national homeland and not a national market-place: the working class.

Zionism as a movement has suffered not only from its identity with ultra-nationalism, but also has been labelled by that which has destined numerous movements to failure—the label of an "intellectual" (Utopian) venture. That a movement must have an intellectual basis is granted without qualification: without philosophical realization of the goals to be achieved, procedure becomes haphazard and inconsequential. However, sterile intellectualism alone is fruitless. Zionism must either descend or be flung down from the pedestal which has kept it above and consequently apart from the masses of the people. This is not only a simple matter of "publicizing"—it is rather a question of reorientation on the part of the leaders and so-called "theorizers" of Zionism. It means that the main efforts of Zionism must be redirected away from one group to all groups, to all classes.

To many, such rechannelizing would not only be worthless but also groundless. These recognize no classes in society but the Eden-like candid look upon intellectual conviction (in a sort of vacuum) as sufficient impetus for creativity. John Dewey clearly pointed out that you can discover what is right, you can convince others that it is right; but this in itself will not get the thing accomplished. A stranger motive for action and a stronger preparation among those whose duty it will be to act is necessary.

The Jewish people have longer than any other nation retained the idea of a passivity which is amazing as it is disgusting. Zionism at its inception bore the stamp of an attempt to substitute for this passivity what is most important—activity. Emasculation of the movement by making of it something reserved for those who can in-

tellectually and financially "afford it" will do nothing more than return us to that passivity. The Zionists loudly and vehemently deny (in theory) that they restrict Zionism in any way—but their actions belie their explanations. A practical solution is needed so that breath can be infused into the cringing non-entity called The Modern Zionist Movement. To revitallize Zionism (as a minimum) a two-fold remodelling is necessary:

1.) A shift of emphasis from nationalism to collective nationalism and an appeal to those classes which lie at the basis of any sound and progressive society—the producing classes.

2.) A change of leadership. The dried-out personalities of yesteryear must be replaced by virile leadership which will not kow-tow either in demands or in enforcement of these demands by practical action. Old men can (perhaps) plan revolutions, but only young men can carry them out. A philosophy can easily be destroyed by its interpreters—by its leaders.

The commendable tenacity of our Jewish people to maintain themselves as a religious nationality (or national religion) has not waned with the ages. This tenacity must be reinforced and can be reinforced only by providing a material basis for this ideal intent. Existence must be within a physical context. A land is necessary to the Jewish people. Palestine is that land. The Jewish people must find in Palestine a fulfillment of their age-old dreams coupled with a concretization of those economic and social theories which are recognized by impartial intellectuals as the most beneficial to the people. Palestine must represent a combination of those characteristics which makes a nation great—and which make a nation grow. We must have in Palestine a national homeland; but only a collective national state as part of an international world order. (Universalisms or impossible cosmopolitanism is not to be confused with this "nationalism-internationalism.)

What has been said above is "radical." Is it "Jewish"? Is it Orthodox? It is indeed possible to satisfy both the radical and the Orthodox, for there actually is no greater radical than the good Jew. His training, his Torah and all that is part of the Jewish tradition emphasize throughout a radical approach—an attempt to get to the root of things and find the solution.

There is but one danger, and that, upon clear scrutiny will appear (as it actually is) nothing more then a specter. The emphasis on collectivism and utilization of terminology which smacks dangerously of "Bolshevism" and "Communism" may actually drive many away. It may turn the world against us. In righteous horror the staid governments of the world may "tourner le dos" and the Jewish people will be worse off than before. Such an emphasis as is advocated above will add fuel to the fire of anti-Semitism. It will seem to lend support to those who claim that the Jews are indeed "Reds." Can and will the Jews suffer such a libel?

In philosophy we have been taught that there are things which are ethically right and practically expedient. Others are expedient and not right. Some are neither the one nor the other. Never have we been taught to become opportunists and thus sacrifice what is ethically correct. Only the biased or the short-sighted will question the ethical portent of Collective Zionism as to practicality.

In view of the movement of the peoples of the world towards the left with the growing realization that only in collective effort lies security and hope for a better world, this emphasis of ours will appeal no little strength to these masses: and it is the people of the world who in the last analysis make policy.

The Jew prides himself on being the ethical example to the world. His conduct in private, and even more so in national, life must always be exemplary. Now is the opportunity for leadership (enlightened not bigoted) to enable the Jewish people to present before the world an example unparalleled in the world's history: a true synthesis of the oldest nation in the world with the most modern contributions of our day.

It would be ridiculous to substitute epigramism for intelligent procedure. It would be equally ridiculous to say that Zionism renovated as planned would immediately win support or succeed even among the Jews. Nothing except the concept of God has any claim on certainty. But the probability of success in this case provides an excellent opportunity. This opportunity must not be neglected.

The Lost American Jew

EARL H. KLEIN

I am a member of the lost American Jewish generation. Its members were lost because they were trapped in the transition period between European and American Jewry. What did they lose? They lost their Jewish souls and Jewish spirit. They did not wish to forfeit their Judaism. They would have cared to battle, but no one stepped forward to guide or encourage them. They did not know how to fight.

May I tell you my own story? It is typical of those of my contemporaries. I was born in a small town in Russia forty-eight years ago. When I was three years old, my parents migrated to America. You see that although I was born in the Old Country, I am in reality a product and a member of this American generation. On reaching the new land, we settled in a fairly large mid-western city. Since Father and Mother were deeply religious persons, Father had great difficulty in finding employment which would free him on the Sabbath and holidays. At last he found work in a junkyard, toiling from six o'clock in the morning until six at night. He didn't earn much, but the folks were content; for they were able to eke out a living, and most important of all, Father was able to remain a Sabbath observer.

In our city there was a fair-sized Jewish community which embraced about seven or eight synagogues. These synagogues were not built as a result of the growth of the community, but rather as a result of arguments which arose in the two original synagogues built in the city. When I was six years old, I was sent to **cheder.** In our **cheder,** as in all American **chederim,** all students were crowded in one tiny, musty room, and all were members of this one class, although all possessed different abilities. The teacher was incompetent, for he was a **melamed** only because, owing to lameness, he was incapable of any other type of work. The students habitually played truant because they did not take a fancy to sitting in a stuffy room or to being beaten with a stick. Considering that I was not a quick student, I can not say that I accomplished much in my studies.

When I was older, Father taught me **Chumesh** and **Perek** on the Sabbath. I still recall many of the passages that he taught me, but I really did not appreciate Father's sacrifice then. You see, he worked twelve hours a day—six days a week, and the only time he had for rest was Saturday afternoon. Instead of resting the entire afternoon, he would spend at least two hours attempting to pound learning into my head.

All through my youth I followed my parents' pious ways. I always ate kosher food, which caused me little difficulty. I prayed every day and wore **tefillin** after my Bar Mitzva. Though I prayed in **shul** only a few times during the week, I attended synagogue every Sabbath. The services were not conducted in too dignified a manner. The **shul** was slightly dusty. There was always noise and quarreling over leadership. I doubt whether an outsider would have been impressed with our congregation. Yet, I did not mind these shortcomings. True, the rabbi spoke only Yiddish, but I understood him as that was the language we spoke at home. To tell the truth, I did not care that the services were not too dignified and that there was dirt and noise. I realized that the congregants were only peasants in the Old Country. In many parts of Europe, they were forbidden to speak their minds so that the synagogue became their only safe place for free conversation. No, these external shortcoming bothered me only slightly. I deplored the spiritual conditions. The contact of the rabbi with the congregants was no longer one of a shepherd to his flock, nor one of a father to his perplexed sons. Instead, it became a pulpit contact. Any man with any intelligence and a decent delivery can preach a sermon, but it takes a man with understanding and a heart to counsel and befriend his congregants. In America, my rabbi, as did many European rabbis, saw his glory of old disappearing because Jews no longer feared committing sins. The rabbi was now forced to grasp at whatever glory remained. He flattered the wealthy. Of course, in our community a wealthy man was one who made a living and still had twenty-five dollars a year remaining for a donation to the **shul.** We, young people, did not have an aversion for coming to **shul,** yet we despised seeing these shows in which the rabbi played favors. Later most boys began to play ball on Saturday mornings. Since there was no social or cultural life to be found in the synagogue, and nothing spiritual, most young people left the synagogue to return only for the Holidays.

I was graduated from high school at eighteen. Since I had neither the ability, nor the financial means, I did not attend college. I decided to find work. It was impossible for me to secure employment without working on the Sabbath. For one, two, three weeks, I searched, but there was nothing available. I finally decided to work on Saturday. I shall never forget the first Sabbath I worked. I had been on the job the entire week until Friday. That night I was totally confused. I did not know whether to continue the following day or not. After the meal that Friday night, I recollect that mother and I retired to our front porch to relax. My mother rocked in the rocking-chair, and I lay down on the couch there. I was perplexed and upset. We were both quiet and then finally in a sobbing voice, I asked: "Mother, shall I work tomorrow? What can I do?"

Mother continued rocking and whispered: "My son, I wish I could help you, but I can not. You must figure it out for yourself." I lay there a while and then went to my room. I was awake all night. I had to make a decision. I had never worked on a Sabbath or Holiday in my life. What could I do? Father was aging, and his income was small. He could not continue to support me. On the other hand, my earnings would help the family greatly. I could not find a suitable solution. The next morning I went to work.

The first few Sabbaths I felt as though I were sinning. After a while I slowly weaned myself from the religion of my parents. I began to do unnecessary work on the Sabbath; I stopped praying; I restrained myself no longer from eating non-kosher food.

After working a year for this company, the manager wished to promote me and place me in an out-of-town branch. And so I left home. I remained in continual contact with my parents, and many times I returned home for the Passover holidays. Needless to say, in this strange city I lived a life which had little to do with Judaism. I met many pleasing girls—Jewish and non-Jewish. I did not wish to marry at the time, so I let our relations end at friendship. Although I was no longer Orthodox, I doubt whether I would have married a non-Jewish girl.

I continued this life for another two years and then—war broke out. I was twenty years old at the time, and I enlisted in the Navy. I saw a little action. The adventure was exciting, and I am proud that I was able to fight for my country. After the war, my old position was still open to me, and so I returned. I worked diligently and industriously for this company and after five years more work, I was promoted to the position of manager of my home-town office. Though I now lived in the same city as my parents did, I did not live at home. My parents lived in the old Jewish section, and I maintained an apartment in a modern, well-to-do neighborhood.

The next year, a great shock came. Father died. It brought back to mind my childhood days. How much father toiled and struggled that I might grow to be a G-d-fearing Jew!! I realized that I had failed him. Although it was impossible for me to return fully to Orthodoxy, or at least I felt it was impossible, I promised mother that I would at least pray every day and eat only kosher food. I earnestly wanted to return. Since I was manager of the office, I was able to attend synagogue services on Saturday mornings and certain Holidays, although I did go down to the office later in the day. On Rosh Hashona and Yom Kippur, I did not go down at all, of course.

Mother had no one but me, so that I brought her to my apartment. I bought new kitchen utensils, silverware, and dishes in order to keep a kosher kitchen, and now mother manages my household. She is a sweet person; I have never quarrelled with her. It seems that she always understood my spiritual struggle.

And so, here I am. It has been sixteen years since father died, and mother has continued to live with me. All this while I have met agreeable women, but I have never met any that I cared to marry. I am content to provide for Mother, for I can do that very well, and these sixteen years have been the first period in her life that that she did not need to struggle for existence. She lives peacefully and enjoys her pious life though she does miss father. I am still the more or less half-and-half Jew. I still refrain from eating non-kosher food and I pray daily, attend synagogue whenever possible, and work on Sabbaths and Holidays only when absolutely necessary. This is the story of my life to the present day. I am a member of the lost American-Jewish generation. I am still a half-and-half Jew because no one has been able to

prove to me that I should take that final step to become a complete Jew. It seems to me that too many of the spiritual leaders of Israel—our Rabbis—betrayed our generation and those that follow by their incapability and lack of understanding and vision to meet the needs of the youth caught between European and American enviroments. I still remember when I was a child that the rabbi of our congregation, who came from Europe, accomplished little for the spiritual welfare of the congregants and their children. He was interested only in those of his fellow immigrants who became successful businessmen and who controlled his position. There was the man who could have kept me within my religion, but he was incapable of rescuing his younger congregants by providing a suitable Talmud Torah and youth activity groups. How shocked father was to see this man—his rabbi from Europe—shirk his responsibilities.

I pour out my wrath not only on this type of European rabbi, but also on the younger rabbis who are products of America. They think that just because they can speak English (and some have college educations) that they are successful leaders. Too many of them have reduced Orthodoxy to ladies' auxiliaries, charity dances—just ordinary philanthropy. Orthodoxy, as I feel it, is not donating money to a religious cause. I have always felt that religion was enoblement and climbing up to try to meet my G-d. These rabbis feel that they are professional men. The American-Jewish community is better off than it ever was and can now afford to pay a rabbi well. In the synagogue I now attend I see how our English-speaking rabbi flirts with the "kaddish-sayers" and those wealthy ones who wish to be flattered. I can not bear the man. My aging mother is wiser. She says that the rabbi is not to blame, but that the congregants are at fault. They do not demand honesty and sincerity from the rabbi. In fact, they encourage him to do wrong. Yes, perhaps we have betrayed ourselves; yet I still believe that the rabbi as leader should have a better, firmer character than his congregants. Orthodoxy, as I see it, is on the verge of bankruptcy unless it can produce rabbis and laymen who will have better perception of what Orthodoxy stands for and how it can be practically propagated to the community. More kosher signs on butcher shops, and bigger, cleaner synagogues are not signs of growing Orthodoxy unless the people who enter these places are pure, thorough, religious Jews. Business men who do not work on the Sabbath are also no sign of deep religion when they shrewdly, and sometimes crookedly, make up for Sabbath losses during the week-days. I want to see honest, sincere rabbis who are capable of teaching this new generation and mine.

I am now middle-aged, but it is not too late for me. Some say that you can not teach an old dog new tricks, but I say that it can be done. I am just waiting. I want to return, but that tiny spark has not been lighted which will cause me to embrace Judaism entirely. America, it appears, has not yet produced the Orthodox leaders capable of producing that spark. It seems that I shall probably continue this way—just waiting.

Three Men And Three Ideals

By RAPHAEL LEVY

The extent to which great men mold the destinies of society has always been a subject of debate among historians and philosophers. Some, like Herbert Spencer, have held the view that outstanding men do not actually influence the course of history. They are merely the figureheads, the symbols of social forces beyond their control, guiding their activity into certain channels. Where they seem to be the causes of important changes, their actions are really the effects of changes which have already taken place.

Other philosophers, such as Carlyle and Nietzche, were of the opinion that great men bring about all important historical changes and through studying their impact on society we can understand historical development. An attempt to combine the two theories was made by William James in his interesting essay "Great men and their Environment." The environment, says James, acts as a limiting factor on the activities of genius. Only that genius whose work can be absorbed, without too great a change by society, will exert an appreciable influence on history. Therefore, society by its degree of preparedness determines the effectiveness of genius.

In the following essay, I should like to consider the manner in which three great men were affected by their environment and later molded that environment according to their genius. The men to be discussed were outstanding leaders of Jewry in the eighteenth century and even today their influence is felt: they are the Gaon of Vilna, Israel Baal Shem Tob, and Moses Mendelssohn.

The eighteenth century is of great importance to Jews because it marks the transition of a portion of Jewry from an autonomous, self-contained culture to a free contact with the outside world. The manner in which this transition was accomplished set an example for the rest of the Jewish people and to this day its injurious effects are felt.

However, before concerning ourselves with the emancipation of Western Jewry and the results of its contact with Occidental civilization, let us consider an outstanding representative of the autonomous Jewish culture, the Gaon of Vilna. Rabbi Elijah was born in 1720, and at an early age showed that intellectual capacity which made him the outstanding Gaon of his day. When only ten years old, he was able to dispense with the aid of teachers and study by himself. One of his teachers, Moses Margolis, who wrote a commentary on the Talmud Yerushalmi, taught him to bring that portion of the Talmudic literature within the range of his studies, so that no part of the Talmud was foreign to him. However, the Gaon also welcomed scientific studies, which he said aided in his understanding of the Torah. He therefore devoted part of his time to a study of Astronomy, Mathematics and Anatomy. His desire to learn was so great, that he even wanted to attend a university in order to study Medicine, but his father, afraid that his piety might be affected, would not permit it. However, the Gaon did spend some time on a farm acquiring first hand knowledge of plants and animals.

The neglect with which the Bible, excepting the Pentateuch, was treated at that time by the Lithuanian Jews displeased him, and in a letter to his family he commands that his children be made thoroughly acquainted with the Bible before taking up the study of the Mishna. Also, those pupils whom he began to teach about the middle of his life, had to study the Bible several months before he would study the Gemoro with them.

Through the example of his sainted and scholarly life, the Gaon inspired the Jews with increased devotion to the Torah and raised the standard of Jewish learning. His method of studying the Talmud was adopted in the Yeshiva of Voloshin, founded by Reb Chaim, his favorite pupil. This method consisted of seeking the correct reading by collating various texts, and having obtained the correct text, studying it with the Rishonim in order to understand "peshat" according to them.

The Gaon's interest in secular studies also bore fruit in the translation of Euclid, by Baruch of Schkov, his pupil, as well as in a geography of Palestine by his son Abraham. His broadminded attitude would probably have had a wider and more beneficial effect on the Jewish community had it not been for the rise of the Haskalah which tended to make Judaism and secular culture antinomous, and hence aroused the opposition of religious Jews to all non-Jewish studies.

We must now turn our attention from one wholly rooted in Jewish life and culture, who merely strengthened and broadened that culture to one who was faced with the difficult tasks of preserving Jewish life in contact with Western civilization and bringing about the emancipation of the Jews. We shall note to what extent he succeeded in these exacting undertakings and where he failed to meet the needs of the times.

Moses Mendelssohn was born in Dessau, Germany, in 1729. Because at an early age he showed great aptitude for learning, Rabbi David Frankel took him into his home and taught him the Talmud and the Codes, yet not neglecting to introduce him to the Medieval Jewish philosophers. Through his own efforts, Mendelssohn also acquired a knowledge of the Bible, Hebrew grammar, and the Hebrew language. In 1743, he traveled to Berlin, and soon made himself financially secure, by entering business with Isaac Bernhard, a merchant, the eminent German critic and playwright who became his close friend and helped him acquire a fine German style. Under the influence of his friends, he published several philosophical essays, among which was included "Phaedon," a treatise on the immortality of the soul. The latter work helped spread his fame throughout the cultured European world.

However, Mendelssohn was not satisfied with his own successes and wished to bring the benefits of culture and enlightenment to his less fortunate brethren. Therefore, together with several of his friends, he wrote a German translation of the Bible with a Hebrew commentary called the Biur. Hameassef, the first modern Hebrew magazine, was organized by Mendelssohn, and most of the contributors were recruited from his immediate circle of friends.

In order to bring more concrete benefits to the Jews by equalizing them with their neighbors, he urged M. Hertz to translate "Vindicrao Judaeorum" by Menasseh ben Israel and he himself wrote a preface to the work. He also had Dohm write an appeal for Jewish equality in Alsace. These works were further instrumental in causing Joseph II to issue the Edict of Toleration in 1782, greatly ameliorating the conditions of the Jews.

In summing up Mendelssohn's activities on behalf of the Jewish people, we can say his efforts were mainly directed toward introducing European culture to the Jews and bringing about their political emancipation. He did not devote much thought and energy to preserving the Jewish way of life because he did not perceive the dangers confronting that way of life. He did not realize that the Jews might be so overwhelmed by their new status that they would be led to abandon their venerable heritage in order to fit more comfortably into the new environment. The failure to forsee that great danger and provide for it was Mendelssohn's greatest desideratum, and it was pretty responsible for the general apostasy of German Jewry from Judaism at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Had Mendelssohn been more perspicacious and able to meet the challenge of the times, German Jewry might not have been in the sorry plight it has been since his time. The problems confronting the Baal Shem Tob differed greatly from those with which his German contemporary had to deal. Owing to the Chmelnicki persecutions of 1648, the people were suffering from the utmost poverty. Their physical destitution had, as is usual in such cases, an utterly degrading effect on their spiritual life. Learning was at a minimum and even the performance of the Mitzvoth was mechanical and uninspired. A wide rift had been created between the educated elite and the masses. At such a time the Baal Shem Tob came along, filled in the rift, inspired the people, and made possible the appearance of the necessary leaders.

It is usually the case with great leaders of the people that their lives come to us richly embroidered by the fancy of their followers, and this is especially true of the chassidic Rabbeim. However, it seem possible to ascertain the following facts about the life of the Besht. He was born in a small village of Galicia about the year 1700. For a time during his youth and early manhood, Rabbi Israel served alternately as a teacher and beadle. The several years he spent after this in the Carpathian Mountains undoubtedly helped the development of his religious genius and also aroused a love of nature. About 1735 he descended from the mountains and began mingling with the people seeking to aid and inspire them as much as possible.

The Besht did not work out any theological or philosophical system; he merely attempted to communicate certain religious feelings and ideas to his followers. Primary among these was the sense of G-d's presence all over the world and man's ability to feel that presence especially in moments of prayer. Prayer should therefore be an ecstatic art leading to closer contact with the Supreme Being. The Mitzvoth should be performed with joy, and one should not waste time in repining over sins but ever strive to do more Mitzvoth. In general, one should always be as cheerful as possible and avoid fasts and ascetic practices. The concept of the Zaddik

also played an important role in the thought of the Baal Shem Tob. The Zaddik was supposed to be the advisor and leader of the people. It was necessary for him always to keep in close contact with their lives and help them with their problems, not maintaining the cold aloofness characteristic of some other community leaders.

In restoring the religious enthusiasm and joy in Mitzvoth of South-Eastern European Jews, the Besht was performing an estimable service to the Jewish people. Had it not been for his sane restoration of joy in Jewish life, the people might have wandered off in the wildest Messianic projects and fantastic dreams. By establishing the institution of the Zaddik, Rabbi Israel made possible the incidence of such men as R. Zalman Schneor, R. Nahman of Bratzlav, R. Levi Yitzchak, and many others. In appraising the influence of the Besht, we must also consider the love he inspired for Eretz Israel, thereby preparing the ground for the upbuilding of the "Old-New" land.

If we were to summarize the achievements of the three great men just considered we might say: the Gaon of Vilna gave new breadth and vigor to Jewish studies and served as a shining example of the finest in Lithuanian Jewry; Moses Mendelssohn helped introduce the Jews to Western Culture and brought about part of their emancipation; and finally the Baal Shem Tob revived the masses and inspired them with enthusiasm for the Torah and Jewish people.

The Prayers Of A Nation

By JOSHUA H. M. SHAPIRO

When one speaks of prayer, he associates it with a subjective desire to express personal supplication, adoration or thanksgiving on the part of the individual. Yet when prayers are offered by the Jew, they are chanted from a book of common prayers dealing with the yearnings of a scattered and wearied people for a hasty return to their homeland. Thus we find that the Jewish traditional prayer-book transcends the individual's plea to his Creator for his personal needs. It represents the expressed anxiety of Klal Israel for its redemption and the ultimate salvation of the world.

At present there exists a state of perplexity with regard to Jewish destiny, the relation between religion and nationalism. The champions of the latter seek their end in a national home. The "religious" element, those who persist in excluding a Jewish homeland from the indispensable factors for the survival of Israel as a people, cannot find an end in this world and entertain the notion of "divine laissez faire". For the Jew to survive, both these conflicting positions must be reconciled and finally integrated into a unit force in a direction which will shape the destiny of Israel.

In searching for a permanent solution to so vital a problem, we are not conscious of the concepts which are most evident, simple, yet essential for the existence of a Jewish people. In which channels run the currents of Jewish thought with reference to religion and nationalism? Leaf consciously through your Sidur. What will you find is the most authentic source of genuine Jewish thought, hallowed through the ages by Klal Israel. In its pages, saturated by tears of devotion and longing, we can truly find that long-sought purpose for unity in thought and action.

It is significant that at the present time when the world stands at the threshhold of a new era and we Jews look toward the east with renewed faith and confidence, the very same Sidur comes to us with a new clarity of interpretation by the outstanding religious philosopher of our time, the late Chief Rabbi Abraham Isaac Kook, of sainted memory. From the time of Rav Amrom Gaon to Rabbi Elijah Gaon of Vilna, various prominent Jewish thinkers fashioned the order of the Sidur after their individual schools of religious thought. These Sidurim came to be known as the Sidur of this or that sage, being associated with a particular name. While these Sidurim vary in form or **nusach,** Rabbi Kook retains the accepted **Nusach Ashkenaz** and becomes identified with the Sidur solely through the profound interpretations which he sets forth in Sidur "Olas R'iah." (Jerusalem—Rabbi Kook's Foundation Publication.)

In his very approach to the Sidur, Rabbi Kook places the Jewish aspect of prayer in a unique context. The intention of prayer is to elevate man to the conscious realization of G-d. As a means to this end, prayer becomes an essential tool in the forging of a foundation on which the Jew must place himself firmly to reach his ultimate goal. The paths leading to these approaches are many and devious: so devi-

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ous, that one with a poor sense of direction may lose sight of the intended goal and be lead to a component part of that purpose accepting it as the consummate end.

Based upon the Talmudic assertion that every Jew in prayer should face toward the Holy Land, the Holy City, and the Holy Temple, Rabbi Kook elaborates on his notion of reaching the highest purpose in religion through the acquisition of a national homeland, a national shrine. In prayer the Jew distinguishes the path of minimum deviation. He directs himself toward his homeland, continues along this path until he reaches Jerusalem; still searching, he seeks out and arrives at the Holy Temple. This is the direct path, by-passing all detours and obstacles, arriving at the desired end in a minimum of time, with a minimum resistance, and a maximum value.

There are those among us who fear any religious or national assertion. They seek to wash out the roads which lead to the inevitable destiny of the Jewish people. And where do they level their attack? At the very heart of the Jew, his Sidur. Page by page they drain the sap from his tree of life. The **ato vochartonu** and **asher brochar banu** are the first to go. Without consideration of context, they decry any notion of a "chosen people".

For the Jew, there is no greater symbol of self-sacrifice for the sanctity of G-d than the **akeidah.** Not only is it an immortal symbol of marytrdom, but one of spiritual ascension as well.* **Await ye here with the ass,** Abraham asked of his servants.*[1] The Talmud interprets **with the ass** as **nation who is likened to the ass . . . am hadomeh lechamor.** Abraham meant to emphasize the earthly life of his associates. **My son and I shall ascend yonder . . . ad koh.** We shall seek the meaning of a purposeful life. We shall reach **ad koh,** the level which reflects the Creator in His purpose, the spiritual peak attainable by man. **And we shall prostrate ourselves before Him** to exhibit the recognition of the infinite by the finite, the recognition also of man's limitations. But, in so doing, we shall not remain apart from the world, but **then return to you;** not to distinguish ourselves by contrast, but rather to imbue the idea of a meaningful life, to elevate you from your **chomer,** to impress you with the virtues of mankind. Thus a "choice" of the Jew becomes a responsibility rather than a privilege.

If the title "chosen" were to end with the people, then our censorers should have little cause for alarm. Robbi Kook points out that the land as well is a "chosen" one. Only in a land its own can a people normally exist. Only a healthy people can be given responsibilities. For every measure of progress there must be an equal measure of heritage from which to draw. For each responsibility there must be a corresponding opportunity to execute it. Thus the Jewish people lay claim to a Jewish homeland. Thus we seek means to execute the end. And where do we seek these means?

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* Genesis 22:5.

*[1] Kidushin 68.

*[2]**Unto thee shall I give the land of Canaan, the measure of thy heritage.** The Holy Land is adaptable to each individual Jew . . . **lecho** as well as to the nation, the people as a whole . . . **chevel nachlaschem.** A heritage is an everlasting possession; continuous, never to be interrupted. Here lies the seed for the Jewish renaissance, a seed whose growth had been arrested, but not destroyed; transplanted, but not adulterated; a seed which germinates from a land promised to a people when they were few in number, while they were strangers and sojourners in that land . . . **m'sei mispor v'gorim bo.**

The common bond between a people and its territory is evolutionary in nature. Where a group settles and developes an historical basis, common mores, and a culture of its own, there it takes up its geographic position, manifesting itself into a sovereign capacity. Not so was the historical development of Israel. The nation was an offspring of one man, one heritage, and for one purpose. This we must always bear in mind. This unity was the perfect integration which we now seek. Instead of pitting one element against the other, we must find the common ties which fundamentally included these very same discreet elements now used as opposing forces. The Divine tie between Kneses Israel and the Holy Land is a permanent one. Through no earthly power can it be undone.

These are the currents of thought with which the Jewish people have identified themselves through the ages: the necessity of a homeland, the prerequisite of a healthy Jewish nation for the subsequent execution of its purpose. Here is the desired blend in which the various shades of differences are harmonized. Yet at the extreme ends the differences seem to clash. There remains that friction between the two basic notions brought forth in "Olas R'iah". With reference to priority, where do the two stand? Is it, perhaps, one continuous notion, or do the two overlap, forming an opaque confusion? The solution lies among the other diamonds found in the treasures of the Sidur.

The order in which the prayers find themselves are, in importance, tantamount to the prayers themselves. The priority of one passage as over another lends added significance. The **Shmoneh Esrei** is divided into three categories, the three opening blessings, the three closing, and the remaining thirteen. The majority of the nineteen benedictions is prayer of supplication. Bracketing these are blessings in personal recognition of the Almighty and the universal acceptance of the unity of G-d. This is the general pattern of the order in which prayers are offered. Primarily, there is the individual's faith in G-d which he expresses in prayer; this is followed by supplications for the restoration of the Jewish people as a nation in health, in security, in wisdom and justice. Should these wishes be fulfilled, there remains only the ultimate purpose to be realized . . . **vechol hachayim yoducho.**

In the Grace after meals there is the same trend, developed in the identical pattern. The Talmud has it that Moses ordained the first benediction for Israel . . .

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*[2] Chronicles I 16:18.

Hazon; Joshua, the second . . . **Eretz;** David and Solomon, the third . . . **Bonei Yerusholaim.** David contributed **Israel Thy people and Jerusalem Thy city;** Solomon, **this Sacred House.** The thread which combines these discreet blessings weaves itself into a pattern which expresses the desired destiny of the Jewish people. The Jew finds happiness in the happiness of his people. Moses ordained the blessing for the sustenance of his people; Joshua, the blessing for its national security; David, the blessing for the spiritual endeavors of his people: Solomon, however, added **habayis hagadol vehakadosh** subordinating all previous benedictions to the means for the ultimate universal recognition of G-d. **Lema'an da'as kol amei ho'oretz ki Hashem Hu Elokim, ein od milvado.**

This is a polemic against "priority". When we seek the more essential between religion and nationalism we are begging the question. The two are interdependent. One will not survive without the aid of the other . The goal we pursue transcends the national security of the Jew. Yet without the latter, that goal is unattainable. Those of us who can only associate the traditional Jew with wretched poverty and filth must realize their duty in tearing away the impurities which have attached themselves to the Jew in his aimless wanderings of thousand years. How much more obligatory it is for them to befriend this Jew, to nurse him back to life. How soon they will find what stores of treasures are hidden under this ragged and forlorn exterior.

These are our responsibilities, children of Israel, and our privileges. We must resolve to forge a healthy Jewish people for the Jew. We must strengthen their hearts, make their homes secure, for the Jew. Build them a shrine so that they know the purpose of the Divine Being. All this, for the Jew. But in this task we must remember that these particular responsibilities are but stepping-stones to our universal responsibility,*[3] **in order that all the nations of the earth may know that the Lord is G-d, and none else.**

The order in which we proceed is of primary importance. The paths which we choose to follow must pass through each phase of that order so that we attain the consummate end. This end, once realized, becomes the purpose of being itself, but not before its realization. Without this order, the end is lost: without this end, these means are blind.

The prayer of a nation are prayers for a universe.

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*[3] Kings I 8:60.

Elul Thoughts

By CHARLES SPIRN

I

"And the seven priests bearing the seven cornets of ram's horns before the ark of the Lord went on continually and blew with the cornets."(I) This biblical narration influenced many writers and poets; among them, it suggested to the greatest French poet of the last century, Victor Hugo, a poem* in which he shows us, the Levites, following the ark and blowing the shofar while the king and the people of Jericho spit on the ark and laugh at that unusual way of waging war. The French poet who had been himself exiled for twenty years on an isolated island because he did not accept the coup-d'etat of Napoleon III appeals in his poem to his fellow poets, urging them never to stop the blowing of the bugle of thought, the bugle of the mind.

We Jews, it is not the bugle that we blow and it is not a small body that makes it blow. No, we Jews sound a Jewish instrument, an instrument in which iron and steel are excluded: the shofar. And it appeals neither to a small minority of poets who did not sell their souls for pecuniary advantages, nor to the low animal instinct of killing which men still cannot dominate. The call of the shofar is above all a call to the conscience and it is heard by a whole people, a people which has been trained to understand that call and, consequently, to respond to it.

No better example of the efficiency of the shofar can be given than the meeting at Madison Square Garden, in March, 1943, when, under the skyscrapers of the biggest city in the world, a people stood and wept collectively at the call of the shofar . . . Whoever had been present there must have been deeply impressed by that scene, and long, very long, will it remain in his mind . . . The shofar alone, more than any speech, has touched the profound inner conscience of the people . . .

II

By simple laws of physics, we learn that the sound travels at a certain speed and those who stand the nearest hear it the most. However, with the shofar, it is different: indeed, the text mentions that the further we are, the stronger is its appeal. Yea, as men rise, if not so much in civilization, at least in the scale of time, their conscience is supposed to become more refined, more apt to grasp and act according to nobler ideas and ideals. But, we, whose destiny is to live at a time when a civilization has declined to a degree lower than could ever be imagined, we remain again alone to blow the shofar and we await with anxiety the answer it will receive from the nations of the world. But the nations are too preoccupied with themselves to lend an open ear to our demands, and thus, the people of the shofar has also

been transformed into **the shofar of the peoples** or the bearer of the human conscience among the nations of the earth. Blow, lonely shofar, voice of the conscience. At least, we, have remained faithful to thy appeal after our brothers have succumbed, blowing out their souls in a dumb world in which machines, oil, and a guilty laissez-faire have led to the greatest tragedy in the history of mankind.

III

Yes, he was right, Yehuda Halevy, when he said that the position of Israel among the nations of the world is similar to that of the heart in a human body. Every accident that may occur to any part of the body has its repercussions on the heart. Such is also the case of Israel; every trouble in the world affects him . Time or space did not change **that situation until our days.** But now, it has received much **more than it could support.** It beats slowly, feebly, but did not surrender to the blows of the foe. Only now, it has changed its position: instead of being scattered on the whole surface of the earth, it has occupied again its natural place on the hills of Judea. Thus, the heart of the nations is situated in the heart of the earth, in the center of three continents.

IV

Little men in the most crucial period of history: such are we. The events of the last few years have left us perplexed, stunned. We have witnessed the tragedy of four million people on a whole continent and we stood hopeless, helpless, unprepared. And we have not yet recovered. How could we, when little by little, as the armies of the United Nations and that of the Forgotten Ally (always there when his blood is needed) march forward victoriously, the curtain rises, revealing the disastrous catastrophe which occurred to our loved ones? And when, at last, an American Jewish soldier happens to meet a few of the remnants in Rome and offers to them his generous help, he says then: "I felt ashamed for them . . . I opened the bag and they fell upon me like a pack of ferocious wolves . . . I closed my bag and went away . . . Were we going to meet people or beasts? The trail of bickering people stretched for almost a block behind me . . . Then I noticed a clean-cut, bespectacled boy of fifteen crying bitterly. I tried to comfort him. At first, he would not answer; then, with much persuasion, he revealed his trouble: 'I am ashamed of these people, these people have lost their self respect.' "(2) Yes soldier, that's the result of five years of war, of persecution, of which many have heard only a little and digested together with a good steak. Therefore, may we suggest that if it ever happens to you a second time, for the sake of G-d, don't flee! No! Just stay there and give them all you have in your bag and then all the candies from your pockets. When you finish this, go and speak to your fellows and make them do the same. Then—and only then—will you morally be allowed to say: "I have done all I could for the remanants of Israel."

As for their dignity, they have NOT lost it! I take you as a witness for this statement: did you see that fifteen year old boy crying? Here it is! Here is our dignity, here is the honor of our people! You see, the honor has been saved and

saved is our dignity . . . Stand up, boy of fifteen, you must be the type of chalutz who weeps over the dignity of our people in the city which symbolizes power and brutality, in the city of Caesar, Vespasian and Titus. Stand up, and if your strength has not yet abandoned you entirely, climb upon the arch of Titus and there, supported by the heroes of Judea carrying the candelabra, the Romans stole from the burning Temple, stand up there and shout out into space: "Our sufferings have been a challenge to the peoples of the world. That challenge they did not answer. The failure is theirs. If there is a dignity or honor lost, it is undoubtedly theirs . . ."

And above you, high in the heavens, while the souls of four million people rise unceasingly under the throne of the Lord, and their bodies mount in a compact smoke from the gas-chambers and crematories like the ancient holy incense of the Temple, repeat those words of Jeremiah—Jeremiah whom the Judeans of the marble monument have surely known—Jeremiah whose prophecy of destruction has been cruelly realized on the martyrs of our generation, and also Jeremiah whose predictions of salvation and return from the exile, you, boy of fifteen, are going to realize:

"For thus hath said the Lord. Sing for Jacob with joy, and shout at the head of the Nations: publish ye, praise ye, and say: the Lord hath helped thy people, the remnant of Israel. Behold, I will bring them from the North country and I will gather them from the farthest ends of the earth, among them the blind and the lame, the pregnant woman . . . a great assembly shall they return hither. With weeping shall they come and with supplications will I bring them in; I will lead them by brooks of water in a straight way, whereon they shall not stumble, for I am a father to Israel and Ephraim is my first born."(3)

Raise your head, future of our people, keeper of its dignity, proud bearer of its pure honor. Look at the East; the sun rises. It shines for you!

(1) Joshua, Chap. VI, Sentence 13.

*Sonnez, Sonnez toujours les chatiments.

(2) "Diary Without Dates," by Pvt. Sidney Meystal, Furrows, August, 1944.

(3) Jeremiah: Chap. XXXI; lines 6-8.

Varieties of Religious Experience

By ABRAHAM BESDIN

The truths we believe in are the pillars of our world. Rooted in human nature and imbedded in the abiding consciousness of mankind, these truths forge, activate and regulate the intricate complex of social expression. Indeed, they are the seedplot and dynamo of all human thought and activity.

The common man postulates as truth those beliefs which correspond and are in strictest congruity with objective verities, existing or happening independently of his beliefs. Truth is viewed as the identity of predicate with subject, of the idea with the thing. A radically different coloring of the nature of truth is offered by the pragmatic school, embodied in the dictum, "Truth is what works." The test of truth, then, is its practical consequences, its utilitarian applicability. From the empirical standpoint, any belief or idea is true because it is useful and is useful because it is true. Truth thus emerges as a condition of time and circumstance.

In the realm of religion, pragmatism accepts the incompetence of pure reason and postulates the absence of fixed axioms or **a priori** truths to serve as a firm basis of certainty. But suspense of judgment is not only a painful inner restraint but also an impossibility, since man must be governed by some truth or other. At this juncture, Pragmatism appeals to the will to achieve conclusions in vital matters of belief. Essentially each man is called upon to adopt those beliefs which work best for him, discounting their intellectual and logical soundness. Religion is thus deprived of a self-sufficient objective reality and is made entirely dependent upon the success and efficacy of its consequential applications. The tie between man and his Creator is reduced to a unilateral business investment, sold to a materialistically-minded consumer with promises of prodigious practical dividends.

It was on this podium of religious philistinism that Wm. James erected his religious psychology, presented in "The Varieties of Religious Experience." James defines religion as "the feeling, acts, and experiences of individual men in their solitude, so far as they apprehend themselves to stand in relation to whatever they may consider divine." This personal religion he regards as antipodal to institutional religion with all its appurtenances, its developed theology and ecclesiastical organization. Religion rests mainly upon individual subjective experience, "man's total reaction upon life" and his answer to the question, "What is the character of that existence to which we belong?" Institutional religion, in sharp contrast, lives on second-hand tradition, determined by imitation and retained by habit. Certainly the psychologist in James draws him to the personal element of religion, the inner state of man, his conscience and values, his helplessness and imperfections.

The religious feeling or emotion, according to James, contains "nothing whatever of a psychologically specific nature." Every emotion, agreeing with the conclusion of human experience which James calls the "total reaction upon life," can be termed religious if its concomitant affections are peace, unity, and energy, superseding darkness, discord, and lassitude. In addition, the religious experience partakes of man's subliminal and ultramarginal consciousness acquiring thereby an ineffable mystical character. James is prone to emphasize the influences which flow from these 'hidden regions' as directives from a higher consciousness of things, presenting an existence unlike and superior to our sensible world. The non-religious consciousness

may know similar situations but the religious character arises through man's relation to life as a whole culminating in such states which have a unity and an energy otherwise lacking.

The religious state of harmony, unity and peace is the determinant ground thought behind man's religious proclivity. To the **homo religiosis** tragedies are deciduous and partial, shipwrecks and dissolutions but motes in a more beautiful world texture. The final arrangement of the individual religious consciousness, however, will vary widely and will involve individual amplifications and over-beliefs. It is the analysis and classification of these variegated religious types that occupies the greater part of James' study.

Religious types run the gamut from the healthy and "once-born" temperament to the sick and "twice-born" temperament. The religion of the former represents God as "the animating spirit of a beautiful, harmonious world, beneficent and kind, merciful as well as pure." Theirs is a cheerful and optimistic religion arrived at through spiritual unfolding and devotion, usually without the element of morbid introspection or crisis. Reality is bright and splendid; pain is but an illusion. Through the power of self-suggestion, this **weltanschauung** heals both the body and the soul, banning from the human consciousness the agony of pain and sorrow. In American life, this world-view has manifested itself in Emersonian transcendentalism (Unitarianism) and the numerous mind-cure movements (Christian Science, etc.). The religion of the healthy souls, Naturalism, seeks its salvation in our temporal world, eschewing the mysteries and qualms of the unknowable spiritual world.

The morbid-minded soul, in sharp contrast, shuns the insecurity and pessimism of the material world and awaits its second birth in regions of the beyond. Feelings of vanity, fear, and sinfulness paint the world vain, sinister, and melancholy. Sanguine healthy-mindedness in this world of curdling cold and gloom seems unspeakable blindness and shallowness. Salvation can only be attained through the purgatory of a crisis or conversion, opening new vistas of unity and joy in the form of supernatural theism. In recognizing and overcoming the gloomiest elements of life, morbid-mindedness ranges over wider scales of experience and (in effect) establishes the superiority of theistic religion.

What is the nature of this ecstatic liberation called "conversion" through whose medium the ignobilities of life are obviated? Citing galleries of autobiographical testimonies (on conversion), James is prone to posit that the quintessence of conversion involves "a normal adolescent phenomenon incidental to the passage from the child's small universe to the wider intellectual and spiritual life of maturity." Feeling of personal inadequacy and sinfulness are resolved through the sudden or gradual extension of the ordinary field of consciousness, unveiling a brand new world characterized by the omnipresence of a higher control. This entails the veering of the "habitual center of his personal energy" from its set moorings and harnessing it to the service of a new directive center, embracing religious ideas and aims. The characteristic structure of the man remains the same but its pointed steeple is now projected into new heavens.

In appraising the resultant fruits of conversion, James employs his "cash value" yardstick to gauge the conceivable effects of a practical kind the new state may involve. He disposes of the medical materialist's thesis that religious experience represents a form of nervous sensibility or the effect of a more or less disordered mental or bodily function. By their fruits shall you judge them, their lowly roots notwith-

standing. Mankind's fealty belongs to those gods it can employ, and whose fiats ratify the values which men set for themselves. James is decidedly sympathetic with religion in general, its energetic resourcefulness and its puritanic nobility. But this gracious attitude is completely negated by his application of observational science to the realm of religious inquiry, that all religion, and indeed the very idea of God is either verified or nullified by the test of efficacy and usefulness. To James, there is no revelation but through the finite experience of man.

To the serious student of religion, James's" Varieties of Religious Experience" reads like a brilliant romance. Force and alertness of mind, originality of treatment and mastery of fact, presented in a popular, racy vernacular, make this study a distinguished contribution to the field of religious psychology. However, the conscientious religionist cannot remain apathetic to the life-laming dangers inherent in the pragmatic method, particularly in its application to the field of religion.

Wm. James has formulated for us a philosophy of pretense, a bridge between an ideal and a failure. It is based on dissatisfaction with what we are and our inability to be all that we wish to become. Essentially, it is a resort to a voluntary cast of belief from the negations of scepticism and agnosticism. If you are unable to believe in God, simulate belief. If you cannot grasp reality in the fulness of its content, lay hold of appearances; a firm grasp of the facsimile may bring something genuine as a consequence. Indeed, a consciousness of limitation and a pursuit of the ideal pervades every phase of modern American life.

The pragmatic theory of truth certainly has its merits in the realm of inanimate nature. The tendency of scientific thought in the past generation has inclined toward the rejection of scientific conclusions as factual reflections of objective reality. The "cash value" and instrumental usefulness of a scientific hypothesis is the primary requisite for its acceptance. However, with regard to religion, pragmatism has overreached its limitations. For religion, by its very nature, is the orientation of the human self to what it regards as most real in the world. The **homo religiosis** must find it wholly inadequate to worship a God whose nature and very existence is in a constant state of flux, subject to the uncertainties of time and circumstance. Furthermore, the suspicion that our will has tipped the balance in choosing an empirical belief brands for us the chosen hypothesis as subjective; but a belief is the reference of a mind to an object assumed real, independent and objective. The suspicion of subjectivity, therefore, destroys belief. It is not a will to believe but rather a will to make believe.

A tragic consequence of the application of pragmatism to the realm of the spirit is the rapid growth and ascendance of Conservative Judaism in modern Jewish life. This attenuated Judaism calls upon its adherents to select only those elements of their spiritual heirtage which can be synthesized with the modern economic, social and intellectual frame of mind. Religion becomes a poetic translation and interpretation of supreme values of life but it is a poetry based upon man's finite experience. That Conservative Judaism has made no attempt to formulate its theological basis is clearly indicative of the pragmatic disregard of theory and belief. There is a deliberate evasion of fundamental issues, a vacillation of doctrines, and a play fast and loose with ideas. Jewish tradition must pass the test of practical worth and social and national usefulness in order to make it palatable to modern taste. The conservative Jew wears his faith as the fashion of his hat, in harmony with the latest styles of

modern design. The widespread success of Conservative Judaism may, therefore, be attributed to the fact that this relative, contradictory and constantly shifting pattern of Judaism finds itself in consonance with the pragmatic spirit of the times.

In his radically empirical (and behavioristic) treatment of religious experience, James manifests his marked individualism, his hatred of the conventional and his radical Protestantism. His definition of religion is admirably suited to his immediate purpose, but it is essentially incomplete as it ignores the intellectual aspects of religious experience. It is highly conjectural whether a rational being can have a religious experience which is purely emotional and fail to express itself in some intellectual conviction or social institution. History reveals a marked reciprocation of the personal and the institutional of feelings and its external manifestations. James' contempt of 'doctrinal' religion, of the rendering in intellectual terms the content of religious experience, transforms the entire study into a clinical diagnosis of affective emotional indulgences. The student should be cautioned to approach this study with the reservation that it is not an empirical account of religion in general; it is rather material for the psychological laboratory taken from the field of religion in order to prove James' philosophy of consciousness.

The human documents employed by James as basic for 'scientific' conclusions, consist almost exclusively of abnormal cases, exaggerations and perversions of religious experience. It seems incredible that this entire mass of testimony of persons to whom religion constituted an 'acute fever' bordering on the insane, should have scientific value as regards religious experience in general. Furthermore, in accepting religious testimonies as actual, real and valid replicas of the actual religious experience themselves, James reveals a marked note of credulity and lack of thoroughness. The most profound experiences elude characterization and classification, for incommunicability is the keynote of their very nature. It is fatuous to accept as scientific evidence the statements of persons, however gifted, as to the exact nature of their conversions, particularly when made twenty or thirty years after the event. The religious gallery may applaud James' gracious acceptance of religious experience as real and of value, but the sober theologian must qualify this joy in view of this undertone of jaunty pleasantry in his choice and treatment of religious testimonies.

However, orthodox religion need not necessarily conflict with pragmatism's metaphysical thesis as regards the essence of truth and knowledge. James negates as futile all metaphysical speculation and the efforts of mankind to achieve a knowledge of eternal truths. He, therefore, tries to establish a **modus vivendi** or **operandi** on the basis of empirical evaluation. At this point pragmatism leaves the door wide open for orthodox religion. Since man is incapable of attaining truths, he must fall back on divine religion. Religion, too, affirms the limitations of man and is bolstered by James' contention that ultimates are beyond human reach. The focal point of difference is the question of faith. James denies revelation and the existence of ultimate truths, while the man of religion affirms revelation and believes that God chose to reveal some eternal truths to man. In the final analysis, the entire conflict boils down to Santayana's brilliant remark that "all starting points are arbitrary." Religion, having its own starting point, lies beyond the realm of empirical evaluation and proclaims its tenets of faith as valid in their ultimate reality. James' philosophy is the life belt of the agnostic adrift in a buffeting sea of doubt. Religion anchors man to a bastion of confident trust and stout heart, enjoying reverence, humility and the fear of God.

Freedom and The Religion of The State

By HAROLD M. SCHULWEIS

The flow of history has indicated the violent and consistent struggle for freedom and man's refusal to acquiesce in slavery or exploitation. Thus, most of us find ourselves physically free, still struggling for our economic freedom, and planning a post-war world on the sound political 'common frame of reference'—the Four Freedoms. There is hardly a major work in theology, philosophy, economics, or politics which is not aware of the problem of freedom, and of consequences following its attainment.

In recent years, some have become aware of the danger in excessive freedom of the thin dividing line between liberty and license. In our own country, we have learned the necessity of qualifying our ideal of freedom of speech. The example of the practical jokester who yells "fire" in a crowded theatre, and the lunatic who, with his demagogic ranting, incites the mob to acts of persecution, have proven to some the advisability of placing certain requisites for free speech, of restraining the loose, uninhibited intellectual anarchist. Some have become conscious of this truth as applied to economic freedom, which in exaggerated forms has led to "laissez faire," rugged individualism, the myth of 'free' competition and egotistic economic apathy. Some of us have seen how in our country excessive political freedom has been overemphasized, leading to the artificial conflict between States' Rights and Federal Rights. Considerably few people, however, have seen the danger in excessive religious freedom.

The world, realizing the vital role religion plays in man's existence, has allowed him complete, unrestricted freedom in the manner of worship and piety. With this freedom, religion has become a powerful force in human relationships, and insofar as it has elevated man ethically and spiritually, it is extremely beneficial to society and a welcome strength to humanity. Yet this freedom to worship what and how you please has too often been exploited by the enemies of G-d and man; it has been utilized as a sacred weapon for the interests of the few against the people, and many a deed enacted in G-d's name has filled the devil's heart with envy. This danger has become particularly evident in the Japanese religion of Shintoism, where it has turned men into beasts and justified their sub-human behavior by calling their horrible deeds 'acts of G-d,' 'the will of heaven.' The guilty have hidden behind the cloak of religion, creating their own god, instead of god creating man. World War I heard the British nation say: "G-d is with us." "G-d dwells with us," cried the German nation. This hypocrisy is defiling the name of the Lord, this attitude is nothing more than comical wretchedness. This is the greatest danger to religion, and we who wish not to see it shamed and perverted into egotistic justifications of sin, must attempt a genuine redefinition of religion which will include the sincere faiths striving

for the welfare of all men, a criteria to determine that which is religion and is entitled 'the free exercise thereof,' and that which is used to sanction the exploitation of the people. If we wish to sincerely crush tyranny, slavery, fascism, we must crush it in its every form.

Calling Nazism or Fascism a religion does not entitle its worshippers freedom and tolerance. Let us take a practical problem—one which is to face us in the very near future—the dealing with a defeated Japan. The Japanese religion, Shintoism, properly understood, is nothing more than a supra-patriotic, narrow nationalistic cult. It has justified all of Japan's wars, it is convinced that Japan is the Holy Land, and that those outside Japan are to be enslaved as subjects to the Mikado. Dr. Gencha Kato* explains this best: "When the emperor turns to the people below him he is Ahra-hito-kumi—G-d incarnate." He is a descendent of the Sun Goddess, and in choosing Japan for his earthly abode, he has made it the Land of the Divine. A correspondent*1, long resident in Japan and a close observer of religious trends informs us of this Ko-Shinto*2 or State Shintoism, which has by now completely taken over Sectarian Shinto. He writes describing the Emperor's Coronation: "We had hymns to the Emperor, prayers in all the schools of the Empire, facing Ise when the Emperor went into the sacred enclosure, all sorts of ceremonies at the state and local shrines, and tons of literature inspired and sent out by the government . . . linking up State Shinto with the army and national policy. There is being built up over the country a net-work of local shrines to the Emperor Meiji." The two sister religions which grew out of Shintoism in Japan, are Tenrikyo and Omotokyo. Both have a special center chosen by G-d from which will radiate influences for the remaking of the world. The latter religion reads like a Hitlerian plan for world domination and racial superiority. "The imperial family of Japan is parent not only of her 60 million but of all mankind on earth. . . . All human disputes, therefore, must be settled in accordance with its immaculate justice. . . . The League of Nations can only attain its objective by placing the imperial family at its head, for to attain it the League must have a strong punitive force of super-national and super-racial character, and this can be found only in the imperial family of Japan."* These are the words from the Yellow Race Aryan, and may possibly help explain the affinity found between it and the Nazi philosophy. Both philosophies stand for the complete subservience to the State, for their respective racial superiority and for blind obedience to the sovereign ruler. We must surely destroy this fascistic mentality. In Germany we will be crushing an outright nationalistic philosophy. In Japan we will be unable to decide if by crushing Shintoism we are depriving the Japanese people of their freedom to worship or crushing extereme nationalism which has proved itself a threat to all humanity. And in our re-education of the Japanese people are we to alter the following bit of Japanese religious education clearly defined by Yoshikawa Koretari (1616-94 C.E.), "If the father betrays the Emperor, the son shall remonstrate with the father on his disloyalty; and if the father does not follow his advice, the

*Gencha Kato—a study of Shinto, the religion of the Japanese nation.

*1Dr. Charles W. Glehart.

*2D. C. Horton—"Modern Shinto as a State Religion" in Japan mission year book, 1930.

sun shall fulfil his duty in the highest sense, even if the father is to be sacrificed." This is not secular, state education—but religious education. Will we be acting inconsistently with our pledge to protect the freedom of religious worship? Certainly, if religion remains defined as it is: "**any** system of faith and worship." Under this definition Shintoism is a religion and we can not tamper with the freedom of the Japanese to worship Mikadoism. We must, therefore, re-define religion and better understand the philosophic concept of Freedom.

Baruch Spinoza best understood that freedom for man in society does not mean acting in accord to one's whims, fancies, caprices—indifferent to the hurt of others, to the sensitiveness of his fellow human being. Thus Spinoza writes, "The man who is guided by reason is more free in a state where he lives under a general system of law . . . in so far as he endeavors to live in freedom, he desires to order his life according to the **General Good.**"* To Spinoza personal "freedom" which harms the general good is not freedom. This is the empirical test for economic, social and religious freedom. Does it stand in the way of the general good?—then it is to be restricted. Indeed this is the basis of all religion—the general improvement of man, economically, socially, spiritually.

If we believe religion to be all embracing, we cannot adopt the philosophy of "rendering unto Cesear the things which are Cesear's, and unto G-d the things that are G-d's." This false cleavage has separated the soul from the body, leaving the body unclean, uninspired, doomed to eternal evil and hopelessness. This religious schism from politics makes of religion a dormant, static metaphysics, a theory motionless in the void. Religion re-defined acts as a check on the State's politics affirming that that which is harmful to the general good is impious and must be altered immediately. However fascism disguises itself, dressed in the oriental mantle of Shintoism or in the discriminating doctrines of Hinduism, it must not be allowed to flourish unrestrained. Exploitation in the name of religion is obvious contradiction—for exploitation is sacreligious and cruel. Religious ethics according to this re-definition becomes the underlying principle, the sub-structure of political, social and economic behavior. We must, however, be cautious that religion is thus not relegated into a secondary position to the State. This is what the Prussian Hegel did want, as he wrote that "individual subjects as G-d fearing men would be more disposed and ready to perform their duty; since obedience of King and Law so naturally follows in the train of reverence." But Hegel, as a competent advocate, protects his client the State, in the event that religion with its passionate zeal for justice may challenge his "actual G-d," his tangible golden calf. "This reverence (religion) since its exalts the 'general' over the 'special,' may even turn upon the latter—become 'fanatical'—and work with incendiary and destructive violence against the State, its institutions and arrangements." Indeed, this should have been the exact thing religion, properly defined, should have done to the tyrannical, fascistic State of Hegel grinning 'neath the sober mask of the Geist. Such a tyrannic religion would condemn the persecution of a people immediately and not rest and continue life unaffected. Judaism, as a vital, dynamic religion, could never accept Hegel's reading[2], "We must worship the State as the manifestation of the divine on earth . . ." The State, free from all obligations of ethics, becomes the 'hypocrisy of an entire nation made into a science.' Religion must become hyphenated to the State's politics, not as two contradictory,

opposing forces, but as a happy combination of two necessary instruments of life. This sincere union would not permit Frederick the Great to cry out: "G-d, side with us; if Thou will not favor us, we pray Thee not to favor the enemy." Man did not make the Creator to suit himself.

Fundamentally then, sincere religion cries out for the welfare of Man, not men; it strives to make him a better man; it asserts his G-d-given rights to economic, political and social justice; it re-affirms man's dignity and innate goodness. It is my religion which applies its legal laws on an ethical basis and one שרוב הצבור יכלים לעבוד בה.

When we face the problem of what to do with Shintoism in a defeated Japan and whether or not destroying it is a violation of the Four Freedoms, we must understand 'Freedom' as action unrestricted until it interferes with the liberty and happiness of others, and 'Religion' for the ethics of the people for the good of all men, not justification of national murder and exploitation stamp-marked "religion." Religion can be tested on empirical grounds. The sincerity of religious theory is to be manifested in human behavior, in the relationship between man and his neighbor. Truthfully we read:[3] "כל שרוח הבריות נוחה הימנו, רוח המקום נוחה הימנו, וכל שאין רוח הבריות נוחה הימנו, אין רוח המקום נוחה הימנו." and the Talmud says: אדם צריך לצאת י ד י ה ב ר י ו ת בדרך שהוא צריך לצאת י ד י ה מ ק ו ם שנאמר והייתם נקיים מה' ומישראל (במדבר ל"ב) ואימר ימצא חן ושכל טוב בעיני א ל ק י ם ו א ד ם. (משלי ג').

Fascism is not a question of geography, nor is it a question of nomenclature, and we learn to recognize it in its every form and guise. This is the duty of religion.

*Spinoza's—"On Human Bondage": Prop. LXXIII; Book IV, ixiii, lxvi, xxxvii.

[1]Hegel, George Wilhelm—"Philosophy of History."

[2]Hegel, George Wilhelm—"Die Philosophie des Rechts" in 'Philosophy of Law.'

[3]Ethics of the Fathers—Chapter 3.

☆V☆

Tradition and Mr. Eliot

By ALLAN MANDELBAUM

Present day criticism has, in the works of T. S. Eliot's followers, Brooks, Williamson, and other less closely related men such as Basil Willey in his "Seventeenth Century Background," attempted to find within the framework of English poetry, a justification for the present poetic practice. This search for a tradition which will afford a background for the "modern individual talent" has also sought some roots in alien ground, and the consequent enhancement of the reputations of Laforgue and Corbiere may be accounted for in this fashion. The major attempt, however, has been directed towards Donne and the other metaphysicals. Their prime thesis is, as well known, the disassociation of sensibility which set in at the end of the 17th century with the triumph of Cartesian dualism and Newtonian mechanism. What they set up in contrast is a type of organic approach to poetic practice which needs no artificial resolutions of the artificial dichotomoy of emotion and intellect.

What concerns us here, however, is not the success of this attempt, for much of it may be viewed as the mere reading of Eliot into Donne; and if these critics were consistent with the preachings of their idol, T. E. Hulme, they would have to apply Hulme's "Critique of Satisfaction" which views any metaphysical structure erected by the philosopher as a pretentious justification for a prior belief.

But such a judgment would cause us to dismiss much that is valid in their "rediscovery" of Donne and the other metaphysicals, though time may chasten their specific judgments on the minor men such as Marvell, Crashaw, Vaughan, Treacher, and even Herbert. The present excess of zeal may be followed not by sufficient shame but, perhaps, a calmer appraisal of true worth.

What does concern us, however, is the search itself, the apparent need for tradition that these men have sensed, and the same approach which has refused to categorize poetry as a primarily "emotional" endeavor. But we are disturbed by certain manifestations of this notion of "tradition," particularly in the later work of Mr. Eliot; and it is these dangers which we should like to point out.

The notion of "tradition" in literature in the earlier criticism of Eliot, as represented in an essay such as "Tradition and the Individual Talent" represented a fluid idea of a past continually acting on the present talent. As this notion developed, this "tradition" became increasingly crystallized and gradually assumed a dogmatic character. Thus Mr. Eliot could no longer read Shelley, as Shelley's view of life was so distant from his own. Dante was closer in the realm of belief, and so, closer in the realm of poetry too. Now any objection to such criteria will be labeled as a divorce of the realms of poetry and belief, of art and life. But the objections do not stand up to earnest attention. It is quite possible to approach the matter from the standpoint of Matthew Arnold, and it is this writer's belief that Eliot's objection

to Arnold's "unphilosophical" approach has blinded him, and together with him, many modern critics, to that which is of value in Arnold's work. This prime notion is that of literature as opposed to dogma.

Certainly Arnold is the last man whom one would accuse of the hypostatization of "technique" and an approach to poetry which tended to divorce it from the realm of exterior values. His notion of culture transcends any specific realm of human activity and aims at a total perfection. At a time when 19th century atomic liberalism was running rampant, Arnold was one of the few who committed themselves to an organic position. But his ignorance of, or rather animus against German metaphysics, in many ways regrettable, here stood him in good stead. For his Geist (the word is here used purely for comparative purposes and implies no strict philosophic usage) does not, as Hegel's, objectify itself in any specific State or dogmatic formulation. On the other hand, his belief in the State as the representation of the "real" interests of each class might well be subjected to the Marxian criticism of the State as a classless instrument. But even here his coda on Wilhelm Von Humboldt in "Culture and Anarchy" is not too distant from the notion of the "withering of the state." This commitment then to a "total" view is the most striking feature of his work. Yet the act of belief in this "total" is of a different order than belief in any specific element of this "total" view. Arnold himself would view such belief as a means-and-ends confusion, then evidenced in the practice of the English Dissenters, and now evidenced in the Anglo-Catholic "Royalist-Tory" position of Mr. Eliot.

The apparent eclecticism of Arnold is not as transparent as it may seem to us at first. "Perfection" may seem too loose a term to the modern reader, but if any abstract statement might cause him to waver before accepting such a "loose" standard, let him but witness Arnold's own selection of the "perfect" in literature, in the "Study of Poetry" in his "Essays in Criticism"; and such a tradition will be as immediate as any more specific formulations might be. There is certainly a great distance between a belief in such standards, and a belief in Mr. Eliot's assertion that large bodies of free-thinking Jews are inimical to the integrated society which he envisions. (We may, of course, be allowed to wonder who buys his books.)

Arnold's "integration" is of a more fluid nature than Eliot's and it is precisely this fluidity which lends it strength. The Rose of Eliot may be understood by the non-Catholic reader without requiring of him a religious belief in it; and it is the imposition of this type of belief in poetry that is dangerous and blinds us to all that is good outside that limited domain. It is true that Arnold limits his domain of the "greatest"; but the limits are "perfection," and not the Nicene Creed. And it is at the point where the Nicene Creed must become our poetic creed, that one must part company with Mr. Eliot.

"Terque Quaterque Beati"

By THEODORE KALLNER, CHARLES SIEGEL AND MYRON FENSTER

(NOTE:—*The authors of this article wish to express their gratitude to Prof. B. Floch for the wholehearted and immeasurable aid which he has extended to them and for the inspiration which he has always been to them.*)

In its early development science was under the influence of numerous occult practices. Astrology preceded astronomy, chemistry grew out of alchemy, and the science of numbers had as its forebearer a peculiar type of numerology, the effect of which remains even today in numerous otherwise inexplicable superstitions and omens. In particular, the special significance which the numbers "three" and "seven" have to this day can be attributed to this precursor of the science of mathematics. By tracing the development of these (significant) numbers, one can obtain a better insight into the growth in the range of man's concepts and depths of perception, particularly in regard to numbers. The special meanings which certain numbers have assumed, as will be shown, are indicative of the development of man's ability to grasp abstract ideas.

During the study of Virgil's "Aeneid" the sentence containing the phrase "Terque quaterque beati" (lit. trans.—thrice and four times happy) aroused a vein of curiosity as to the special importance of certain numerals: that curiosity resulted in this paper.

In many instances in Jewish history and tradition, the numbers "three" and "seven" have a significance which cannot be attributed to mere coincidence. The Bible is full of these allusions to meaningful numbers. On the seventh day G-d finished the work of Creation. Our entire religious calendar is based on the number seven, with the seven day week, seven year Shmita and seven times seven years between the Jubilee. In the book of Joshua we are told that for seven days seven priests with seven trumpets invested Jericho and on the seventh day they encompassed the city seven times. Again, on the Day of Atonement, the blood of the sacrificial offerings was sprinkled seven times on the covering of the sanctuary and on the alter. The Medrash speaks of seven heavens and seven worlds.

There were three patriarchs of Israel, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. There were three divisions of Israel: The Priesthood, the Levites and the Israelites. A kinyan by chazaka necessitates the passing of three years. There are the Shalosh Regolim; three appointed times for daily prayer. By glancing through the Bible, one can see an unusually large number of repetition of the numbers "three" and "seven." Although this to a very large extent can be attributed to other factors, a large number of repititions can undoubtedly be explained by the meaning which these numbers held for the masses.

The Romans and Greeks also revered the numbers "three" and "seven". Because they considered these to be so-called "lucky numbers," their idolatrous beliefs were dependent on their conception of that added meaning of these numerals. Accordingly, they held tenaciously to their heathen belief that the world was divided into three classes: the fates, the gods, the humans. The fates in turn according to

them were three in number, Clotho, Lachesis, and Attropost who spun, passed on, and cut off the thread of destiny. The physical world was also divided into tres partes: callum, terra and ocean or Hades. According to mythology there were three graces; Cerberus had three heads. Neptune, the ruler of the seas, held his three-pronged staff. The oracle of Delphi cherished the tripod with veneration. The Muses numbered nine (three times three). Many of the religious rights and rituals involved the numbers "three" and "seven." The Vestal virgins were seven in number.

Man has always felt that the number "three" expresses certain relationships in his every-day life. There are three dimensions: the family is composed of father, mother, child; and there are three persons in a discussion, speaker, listener and the person discussed.

The Tibetan priests must spend a specific amount of time in solitude before undertaking the duties of office. This time is exactly three years, three months, three weeks, three days, three hours and three minutes.

According to the Christian theology, there are seven virtues, seven deadly sins, seven spirits of God, seven joys of day, and seven devils cast out of Magdolin. The number "three" also occurs in Christian belief. Saul of Tarsis speaks of Faith, Hope, and Charity, these three. There is also the "Holy Trinity."

The Tel-El-Amarna letters, written by a Canaanite prince to the Pharaoh of Egypt begins with the significant salutation "I bow before thee seven times seven times."

This irregular and apparently unwarranted emphasis on the numbers "three" and "seven" can be traced to that period of human development when those numbers were beyond man's comprehension. Primitive man had no conception of numbers whatsoever. To him, as can be seen from primitive languages, two oxen were different from two people and the term used to designate "two" for trees was different from both of the former terms. As this "number conception" increased, he came to realize that two objects, no matter what, had a common relationship to each other and he thus began to use one term to designate all of them. All that which was beyond the number "two" had no definite meaning to him and was considered "the beyond." To this may be compared the immature expression "I betcha a million." The "three" to primitive man was as the "million" is to a child today.

Prof. Tobias Dantzig of the University of Maryland states, "The Bushmen of South Africa have no numbers beyond one, two, and many, and these words are so inarticulate that it may be doubted whether the natives attach a clear meaning to them."

To illustrate more clearly what we mean by man's inability to conceive of the number "three," we may sight the following comparisons. An individual seeing a crowd of people cannot accurately estimate the number of persons in the group without counting. Scientific experiment has shown that many animals can conceive of certain numbers beyond which they cannot differentiate. Birds can tell when an egg is either added to or removed from a nest up to a certain point. An experiment was made with an animal in which the animal observed a number of persons entering his den. The people would leave one by one and the animal, it was found, would wait until he thought that everyone had left till he entered his abode. If two men went in and one came out the animal would wait for the other man to leave. Similarly, when three men went in and only two came out, he would also wait the departure of

the third individual. A similar result was observed when four men entered and only three walked out. However, when the experiment was repeated with five men, after four left the animal entered unsuspectingly. Since he could not distinguish any number beyond four, we therefore conclude that five is a number beyond his mental scope.

This early stage of development, which also had its counterpart in the growth of the human mind, left its mark on the many languages we know today. The English "thrice" just like the Latin "ter" has the double meaning three times and many. There is a plausible connection between the Latin "tres," meaning three, and "trans" meaning beyond; the same can be said regarding the French "trois" meaning three and "tres" meaning very.

To return once again to the occurrence of "three," we read in the Bible that it was in the third month after the departure of the Jews from Egypt that they were considered ready to undergo the spiritual elevation of receiving the Torah. Israel had come out of Egypt and a period of time had to elapse before they were able to throw off the shackles of the bondage that was their lot in Egypt. And the time that had to elapse before that would take place was three months.

It is advisable at this time to digress for a moment and discuss the number system of today and the number system of ancient man. Today we have a system based on the number "ten." To express numbers above ten we have compound numbers, that is eleven is represented by $10+1$; twelve is $10+2$. This developed when man learned to count on his fingers. A system based on twenty is found where the tribesmen count on their fingers and toes. Traces of this development can be found in language. The Hebrew "Yod" the tenth letter of the alphabet was originally represented by a diagram of a hand.

There is a definite philological connection between "Yod" the letter and number and "Yod" meaning hand. The Sanscrit "panch" and the Greek "pente" meaning fine have a direct connection with the Persian "pentcha" meaning hand. In the Russian language there is the same connection between "piat" meaning five and "piat" meaning the outstretched hand. Clearly these terms developed at a time when finger counting held sway.

The significance of the number "seven" must be traced, however, to a more primitive state when man counted by twos. The famous anthropologist Cuer states: "Primitive" tribes of Australia and Africa have a system of numbers which has neither 5, 10, or 20 for its base. It is a binary system with a base of 2. These savages have not yet reached the finger counting stage. They have independent numbers for one, two, and composite numbers up to six. Beyond six everything to them is "heajo." To this almost wild man, "seven" and above is mentally untenable. Likewise to ancient man 7 and above represented the infinite. Thus we find that in the Tel-El-Amarna letters we read "seven times seven Full" expressing the idea many times. Most other similar expressions can likewise be analyzed.

In conclusion, we see that coincidence alone cannot be the explanation for the excessive number of instances where specific numbers are employed. It is the belief of the authors that the special importance of the numbers "three" and "seven" is an indication of the inability of the primitive mind in different stages of its development to grasp the full meaning of those numbers.

Rambam and Jacob Ben Macher Mathematicians

By LEO LANDES

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the Jews contributed more to mathematical learning than any other nation. Illustrious sages of the Talmud and Jews versed in secular subjects supplemented one another in vastly enriching mathematical knowledge. Two of the foremost mathematicians of this era were Maimonides and Jacob ben Macher. Maimonides solved, in some ingenious method, problems concerning Talmudical lore for the proof of which we now resort to the calculus.

Here in this article I shall not delve into involved mathematical calculations, but I shall rather present a few simple illustrations of the work done by our forefathers.

In the Bible is written שדך לא־תזרע כלאים. (ויקרא־קדושים)
—thou shalt not sow thy field with mingled seed.

The Mishna in Kilayim teaches us that if a green vegetable is planted in a vineyard where the vines are planted 4 or 5 cubits apart, then 45 vines in the immediate vicinity of the vegetable become holy; if the vines are planted 6 or 7 cubits apart, then all the vines within a circular area having the plant as a center and a radius of 16 cubits become holy.

The Rambam in his commentary on the Mishna states that if another row of vines is within a concentrated distance of 4 cubits from the circular area, then the radius is increased to 20 cubits.

From what source does Maimonides derive this law?

Why does the Mishna itself differentiate between vines planted 4 or 5 cubits apart and those planted 6 or 7 cubits apart?

The Rambam provides us with the logical explanation for both of these questions.

Actually, if a vegetable is planted in the center of a vineyard consisting of nine equidistant rows of vines, each vine 4 cubits from the next, then the circular area having the plant as a center and a radius of 16 cubits contains just 45 vines. (Figure 1)

If the vine with the vegetable is considered as the center of a circle than every vine less than 16 cubits away is considered within the circle and holy. The distance of any vine from the center can be easily found through the use of the Pythagorean theorem, $X^2+Y^2=Z^2$, where Z would be the distance from the center. When the vines are planted 4 cubits from one another then exactly 45 vines, the number given by Rambam will, by the Pythagorean theorem, be found within the area of the circle.

If each vine is at a distance of five cubits from the next, then by using the same reasoning as before, we would find that the circular area having the plant as a center and a radius of 16 cubits contains only 37 vines. (Figure 2—inner circle.)

The vine farthest from the center of the circle along the diameter is 15 cubits away. The circumference of the circle, which has a radius of 16 cubits, extends one cubit farther than the vine. The next row of vines is exactly 20 cubits from the center and exactly 4 cubits from the circle. If the radius is increased to 20 cubits (Figure 2—outer circle), as the Rambam declared, then surprisingly enough, our picture is an exact replica of figure 1; and again we have exactly 45 holy vines surrounding the vegetable, the amount given in the Mishna. The vine furthest from the center is just about 18 cubits away and well within the circle.

The Rambam's reasoning adequately accounts for the statements of the Mishnah in this manner. The Mishna proclaimed holy 45 vines planted 4 or 5 cubits apart. By application of the Rambam's formula, we can unequivocally determine the "holy area." If the outside row is within 4 cubits of the circle, then the radius would be increased to 20 cubits, as was the case with vines planted 5 cubits apart.

If vines are planted 6 or 7 cubits apart, the rows turn out to be more than 4 cubits from the circle; and so the Mishna gave the radius without the number.

Jacob ben Macher, or Prophatius, like the Rambam, lived in an epoch when Jewish scholars on secular subjects were also learned in Talmudical knowledge.

The רשב"א accorded recognition to Jacob ben Macher's opinions even though they conflicted with his own. This alone is a fair measure of Macher's renown as a religious and secular personage.

Prophatius wrote a long discourse about a quadrant he had discovered. (Quadrans Israelis or Quadrans Judaicus)

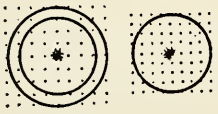
By far the major portion of Jacob ben Macher's contribution to mathematics was the translation of classical tomes. His most notable achievement was his work on a Greek translation of the "Shperes" of Meneleus.

The book on spherical trigonometry universally studied nowadays by ship captains was written by Edmond Hallali, friend and pupil of Isaac Newton. In his introduction he acknowledged the valuable assistance of a Hebrew scholar. No further details of this "silent partner," however, were given. The identity of this unknown personality was finally established by Professor Jekuthiel Ginsburg in the September 1944 issue of the "Horeb." Professor Ginsburg compared Hallali's book with the volume of Macher and found that one was an almost perfect translation of the other.

Prophatius lived about 400 years before Hallali!

This fact led Professor Ginsburg to maintain, therefore, that Jacob ben Macher's translation is the father of all works on Spherical Trigonometry used today.

Our purpose in this article has not been to attribute the qualities of versatility and profound intellectual ability to our revered sages. We have simply presented, in an academic manner, several noteworthy achievements of two Talmudic Scholars in the field of mathematics.



Just Another Wheel Chair

(A Short Story)

By NATHAN ROSENBAUM

When the sun is shining on the terrace you can see all of us—excepting those that are bedridden of course, lined up in our wheelchairs, looking over the visitors who have come to smile and pity.

Really though, we don't envy the fact that you have two legs or two arms. You "normal" people would never be the center of attraction on a subway or a bus. But take me for instance. When I get out of this da—— . . beautiful rehabilitation center, just think of all the attention and sympathy I'll get. Why everybody will make as much of a fuss over me as if I were a movie star. I can see myself being helped across the street by some beautiful girl scout.

Of course, I'll shoo her away, with the words of a typical returning hero, "That's allright miss, my dog Prince can see when there are cars coming." There'll be loads and loads of people about me. Now doesn't all this limelight I'm going to harvest make you turn green with envy. Don't you wish that you were in my boots? What are you laughing about? I will have boots . . . I admit it'll take a little time until I get my "feet"—but . . . Don't mind me. I used to have a good sense of humor once but it seems that the doctor amputated that along with everything else . . .

It's darn nice of you people to come to see us loafers. Do you see that fellow over there—no, not that guy . . . I knew you would look at him . . . everybody does . . . My God, haven't you ever seen a man with the shivers . . . Frankie there has them perfected in such a way that they bring out the worst in him . . . But take a look at the chap next to him. I have his spot memorized by now. He's just about the laziest bum on one foot hereabouts—Won't even read the magazine with those sexy looking fems sprawled across the pages. The nurse told him that she'd gladly turn the pages for him but he only shakes his head—the loafer.

We certainly get a big kick out of seeing you big healthy people come around to look at us puny fellows. You're a great bunch of sympathizers. I don't know what we would do without you. And just think if not for the war, we never would have met.

Now take a fellow like me, for example. If anybody ever got up guts enough to saunter over my way and stay long enough for a second look, just think of the push along the road to recovery I would get. But the gosh awful truth is that nobody ever gives me a tumble. I'm left to talk to the air—and after awhile it gets a bit putrid. I know . . . that's right mister, pass me by. Did you have a good shudder? I'm certainly glad to hear that . . . Hope I can do as much for you some day—maybe after the next war!

As I was saying before that wretched creature refused to interrupt me, nobody ever stays around me after a passing "hello" or a "hi soldier". For example . . . **by the gates of Juno!** get a whiff of that perfume heading this way . . . Ma-muh!

"Hi soldier, nice day isn't it?"

"—— Sure is, would you like to . . ."

That's right, don't stay longer than you have to . . . I'll tell her a thing or two . . .

"What's the matter lady. Does the sight of me turn your stomach?" . . . uh uh, I smell that toilet water again. Here she comes . . . probably gonna apologize . . . or something."

"Hello again soldier. I'm terribly sorry about having had to leave you in such a hurry. You see I have my husband here and I hope you don't mind if I seemed over-anxious to be on my way to see him. I'll be glad to stop here on my way back . . . if you'd like me to."

"I'm . . . well . . . gee ma'm . . . Would I?"

"Don't go away now."

That voice . . . in the movies they would say, "It sounded like silk" . . . to me it sounded like . . . that's ridiculous . . . I really must be going batty . . .

. . . My family was a large one. There were six of us for mama to take care of. Mama used to do all the housework herself. You see we couldn't afford a maid —among several other things which would have made mama's lot an easier one. But the lack of material comfort didn't prevent our family from being a happy bunch. Around that rickety table of ours that bragged of one solid leg, were gathered a handful of youth that never missed a chance to heckle and kibitz each other.

Mama worked hard, it was true. But she never was sick a day in her life. As a matter of fact she never even bothered to think about the consequences that straining over the tub until the small hours of the morning after a hard day's work at the dress factory might bring, or that her organs would become impaired from the back breaking drudgery to which she subjected her body.

When the children came home one afternoon they found mama lying on the bed and Dr. Fink standing over her. The doctor told the family that if mama was to survive she must cease "working" her way to the grave. Cruel, cruel Dr. Fink. It was he who had once told Naomi when he was treating her for an upset stomach that if she didn't stop gobbling her food, she would have trouble with her appendix. Little did the old buzzard know that Naomi's appendix had been removed when she was vacationing in the Catskills.

If there was the slightest possibility that Dr. Fink may have been mistaken, it soon vanished. Mama kept to her bed and gradually became reconciled to the life of a chronic invalid.

Now that the situation had grown severe, papa arose from his glass of tea, ran his fingers through his mouse colored beard and announced that it wasn't at all improbable that he might seriously contemplate going out to look for a job. Mind you, he didn't promise us that he **would** go out in search of work, but at least he convinced us that he would entertain the thought.

Naomi was serving the soup when we heard a springy step on the stairs. We were just about to clear the table in anticipation of some visitor when the door was flung wide open and there wreathed in impudence stood papa with his head held aloft. Gladys rushed for a glass of water and Joey fetched a chair. Papa gave them both an icy stare and strode to the center of the kitchen. The gold tooth in his mouth glistened meaningfully, as papa parted his lips to speak.

"Children, for a long time mama has slaved. Believe me, it always hurt me to see my beloved working so hard. If only I would have been able to help her. But you all know that your papa is a sick man. Joey, please give me a chair . . . That's a good boy. Now that mama darling is so sick, I decided that I must forget about my sicknesses and provide for you, my little lost sheep. Children, I want you to be the first to know that we're going to be rich beginning right now. Sol, ask mama if she has some change, and then run down to Izzy's and get a few bottles of cream soda. This calls for a celebration."

The manager of the factory got to like papa's work and his salary kept rising like a thermometer. When papa told us of the new apartment on the Grand Concourse that he had rented, we all went into tantrums of mingled happiness and hysterics. The twins wanted to know if there would be a backyard with trees and flowers. It took papa just a split second to inform them that the Bronx wasn't the "country". Mama took it all in with a philosophic smile.

"Who knows," said mama, "maybe the cockroaches are just as big in the Bronx."

Years passed and papa became a big man in the factory. Now that papa was a man of some wealth he began to take the "futures" of his sons seriously. Joey was working as a manager in a wholesale produce concern and Sol was on the way up in the haberdashery line. But all this was not good enough for papa. It was his idea to have both Joey and Sol quit their jobs and enroll in a good college. He claimed that it wasn't respectable for a man in his position to have sons who weren't "professionals". Of course **Joey** didn't **have** to be a doctor and **Sol** didn't **have** to be a lawyer just because **he** said so. Papa was democratic enough to let them choose who was to be the doctor and who the lawyer.

Needless to say, papa's plans seemed highly ridiculous to the boys. Even mama tried to convince the boys—that is, after she had failed to convince papa that **he** was talking nonsense. A battle royal would have been fought had it not been for the timely intervention of the Japanese Air Force which was trying to test American courage on Pearl Harbor.

The family was stunned when Sol came home early one afternoon and let them in on the news that he had enlisted in the Navy. Joey told his brother that he was a fool for doing it and that he would regret it for the rest of his life—that is if he would come back with one.

"Do you think that Rosalie is going to wait for you? She'll probably get hitched to the first fellow who comes along."

Solt felt miserable. Rosalie meant everything to him. With her gone, life would be empty. Sol went off to the wars leaving Rosalie with his love and the hope that he would return.

. . . When Joey was drafted he was bitter at the whole world. Here he was making eighty a week, the prettiest kid in Brooklyn madly in love with him and the Army comes along to put the screws on his life . . . Mama and papa were all alone now. Oh, yes, there were still Naomi, Gladys and the twins. Naomi taught kindergarten, Gladys was a bookkeeper, and the fifteen-year-old twins kept on worrying whether or not it was patriotic to make dates with sixteen-year-old civilians . . . Papa

read the papers and mama knitted scarfs for the boys: papa didn't know what he was reading and mama kept on dropping stitches. Everywhere they went they met the war—everything they did shouted "war"—and that meant Joey and Sol. The newspapers shouted "war" and the radio shouted "war"; the empty beds of their sons shouted "war"; the rows of suits lining the closets shouted "war"; the empty seats at the dinner table shouted "war"—and that meant Joey and Sol—away from home—lying in dirt—in mud—no food—bleeding—dying—gone forever—Joey and Sol—no more . . .

Aunt Bessie was on the phone wanting to know if mama and papa were making a party in honor of their 25th wedding anniversary. Mama said that she was postponing all celebrations until the boys were home again.

"What, are you crazy? Who knows how long the war is going to last. Fool, you. Why do you worry about the boys so much? You act as if you were the only ones who have sons in the service. Listen to me and make a little family reunion. By the way, I forgot to tell you, they're not taking Sammie. He has such bad eyes, you know. Now don't forget to invite everybdy."

The doorbell hadn't stopped ringing all evening.

"Gott in himmel", cried mama, "who's got room for this whole coxy army."

Mollie was there and so was Aunt Sadie with her bald headed attachment; Jonah brought his rheumatism along and cousin Stephanie hadn't forgotten to drag little Hymie with her. In case the family would feel like a musicale, Hymie would oblige. It would take very little coaxing for him to show what he could do with a violin. Uncle Jerry once remarked after being forced to listen to cousin Stephanie's prodigy—that if he was a little bolder he would tell Hymie **what** he could do with his violin.

The lights were on in the whole apartment and all seemed so gay and carefree. Everybody was hustling about taking bottles of cream soda from the ice box and grabbing slices of honey cake from mama's fancy tray reserved especially for such "company". Dishes were scattered all over the place and it almost seemed like old times. If only Joey and Sol were — —

"There goes that darn doorbell again."

"Oh, it's probably a congratulatory telegram from Beckie. Her cousin is getting married tonght so she couldn't come here."

"Don't be so stupid", said clever Aunt Bessie, "Western Union doesn't accept such messages these days. You can never tell. I have a neighbor who received a telegram from the War Department just when she was — — — "

Aunt Bessie was always right—and tonight more so than ever before.

. . . "We regret to inform you that Private Joseph . . . "

. . . Everybody cried. What else was there to do. They cried and then when they were finished, they wiped their eyes. Then they began crying all over again.

The Rabbi spoke eloquently and the Cantor chanted in heart rending tones. But all that couldn't bring Joey back—not even a small part of him not even—not even his remains—

. . . Tragedy comes in bundles and a special delivery package arrived bearing the name of "Mama Eisenberg." Within two months of the fateful news about Joey, mama's heart quit on the job.

Papa had become old and dried up. The light of the house had failed and all was black before the lonely man's eyes. The pillar of the house had fallen and papa felt the weight of the crumbling structure heavy and unbearable on his slender shoulders. Despondent, grief stricken and misery stained, the old frame that was once haughty and proud had now become bent and brittle.

. . . Rosalie kept writing to me every day. She wrote me everything that happened at home. Rosalie was mother and father to me—life itself. Without her at my side—I know that I couldn't have continued suffering. One day, I didn't receive mail from her. I thought that she might be ill . . . For six months I didn't hear from her . . . never again . . . never again . . . did I ever hear from her.

I suppose though, that even if she would see me now, she wouldn't recognize me. I'm a pretty ugly guy. You wouldn't believe that I was voted "most handsome" in my senior year at High School, would you? Would you? Aw you're not even listening to me. I don't blame you. You must be bored by now. But you see I just have to tell my story to anybody who will listen. Maybe somebody will be able to trace my Rosalie for me . . . You see the rest of my family is scattered and . . . if I had Rosalie . . . Do you think that she would come back to me—even though I'm . . . ugly . . . and there's only half of me around . . .

"I have . . . to . . . go . . . now . . . soldier. There's somebody waiting . . . I mean . . . Look, it's not . . . "

"I understand . . . I'm terribly sorry to have detained you. It seems just as if I was talking to . . .

"I must go now . . . goodbye . . . Goodbye Soldier . . . best of luck . . . I hope you find her . . . goodbye . . . goodbye soldier . . .

She thinks I didn't recognize her. Why I could tell that voice anywhere. She was left unmoved and cold . . . even after I finished talking to her. She wants to have nothing to do with me . . . I'm blind . . . ugly . . . a cripple . . . can I blame her . . . she wants somebody who can take her in his arms—not somebody whom she'll have to nurse . . she's gone . . . and I'm forgotten . . . Maybe things aren't so bad . . . I'm a hero . . . got a purple heart . . . oak leaf clusters . . . decorations . . . ribbons . . . I'm a hero . . . that's right mister, shudder when you look at me . . . hope I can do the same for you . . . sure you're probably healthy and fat . . . Rosalie would marry you . . . I don't blame her . . . Of course I don't . . . she deserves a man . . . not a guy who's only a decorated mass of twisted flesh and bones . . . shudder, that's right . . . hope I can do the same for you . . . next war . . . that's it . . . next war. Here comes the doctor . . . gonna ask me how I feel . . . a lot he cares . . . to him . . . to everybody . . . I'm just . . . just another wheelchair.

"The Dancer From The Dance"

(A Short Story)

By ALLAN MANDELBAUM

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*This story is the winner of the annual short story contest award established by the class of '42 in memory of the late Jerome Robbins.*

"It's a down right rotten, lowdown, dirty shame . . ."

It was "Lips" Paige on the vocal and his voice had a husky urgency about it. The crowd settled back after the number and the haze thickened over Ryan's weekly jam session, 1.00 a head, no cover, no minimum.

The sessions had become a weekly affair now with Harold. He was a young student of serious music and his paths had not always led to Fifty-Second Street, at least not before that Sunday at Carnegie when Pablo had prevailed upon him to try it for "just once."

There was the usual intermission press at Carnegie that Sunday with the inevitable snatches of French floating over the crowd as a warrant of its cosmopolitanism. And there was sweat.

Harold was short and the long Russian cigarette in the even longer holder of the tall lady next to him seemed to shrivel him completely. She moved away and he breathed easy.

"I'm telling you, Hal, this Layton is the greatest thing on earth."

"And, dearest Pablo, we're supposed to sandwich this trombonist, whatever his name, between Schumann and Mahler, I suppose."

"No need, no need. We'll have plenty of time to make the last half of the session after the concert."

"This Clayton . . ."
"Layton, Hal, J. C. Layton . . ."
"You're always raving about his . . ."
"The most technically gifted, lyrically spontaneous, musically miraculous . . ."
"Perversion of the true good in music."

Pablo merely wiped his glasses in reply. Harold had more set notions of the "true" and the "good" than were tolerable even in a young and "aspiring" music student; and unfortunately, he insisted on them.

Lewis, the pianist, was working out a melodic pattern on "Gut Bucket Blues" when Pablo first led Harold into Ryan's. Harold stumbled over a leg as he walked down along the side wall. She smiled very sweetly as he excused himself, and he backed away shyly. Pablo planted him at a corner table and sat himself down.

By now Lewis had "rode" into an insistent rhythmic pattern with his left hand and Singelton's heavy "kick" on the drum came in from behind with the regularity of a heart-beat and the power of a tom-tom. The snares were taut and he wasn't

"rolling" at all, just that same flat, heavy beat: and Harold was uncomfortable, as if something almost improper were being forced upon him and not through violence, an imposition from without, but rather a seductive drawing-forth of that which was already within. Russel's clarinet seemed to "sneak" in next with a low and anxious wail that entwined itself about the fundamental rhythm and slithered along, deliberately yet painfully.

These, however, were all preliminaries: the crowd was waiting for Layton and the applause for Russel at the finish of his solo seemed to be as much for the trombonist who came to the front as for the clarinetist who had finished. The rhythm background was even stronger now and everybody seemed to echo the beat either with the steady thump of a heel against the floor or the patter of fingers on the table tops. There was no dancing but Harold seemed to feel the slow drag of a one-step against him, or the clamminess of the "jelly-roll" in Wolfe's "Look Homeward Angel," as if the very music was born of insinuation.

Layton took his time. He was a big Negro with a half-smile on his face that broke into a grin at the slightest provocation. He sensed the audience's expectancy and he was determined to heighten it by letting them beat away for a few moments.

It was a low, percussive refrain that he started off with, almost indistinguishable from the background. Then he picked up the melodic line with the statement of the work-a-day, standard theme: but the spontaneous began to flash across it, weaving in and out and always drawing forth an additional wonder as if he allowed the listener to share the growth of the beauty from within, with all the intricacies carefully unfolded by the master's hand, but with that final beauty, his own hoarded store of delight, a surprise. That arcanum, the gap before the final joy, remained his own.

The intensity rose and what was a broad, lyric line became a tense, compact "riff" that hammered away with an almost indecent insistence on its own naked power. He was smiling, Layton, and seemed almost apart from the relentless "drive" of the slide as it gleamed back and forth along the trombone's body. Just once did he echo back to the original lyric line, and, punctuating that steady "riff," it seemed as if the heart, rehearsing for death, had faltered: but the phrase returned, as persistent as ever.

"Hal, that 'riff,' that 'riff,' " and Pablo nudged him in the ribs. But the nudge wasn't necessary. Hal was propped on his two palms and the sweat had etched an even groove down his forehead.

On the way home, Hal stepped into the Joycract Music Shop and picked up three Layton recordings. They were thirty-five cents apiece and had bright orange wrappers, which he ripped off and threw away. Too loud, too loud.

From then on his listening had been steady, and each separate "riff" or whole solos, at times, remained with him, sharp and distinct. The memory of them served as a constant mental backdrop, intruding even on a Bach prelude, or inane chatter; and if Harold's memory failed him in any bar or longer passage, he would feel an impossible incompleteness, a divorce from the impossibly real; and any distraction seemed a ruthless intrusion on the private pursuit of that which had been lost and must be recaptured, immediately, lest it be returned to him, imperfect.

There was the "Gut-Bucket" solo that had slipped his mind one morning about two weeks after he had first heard Layton; and, grotesquely enough, the "loss" had come as he was having his hair-cut. The barber was listening to the tombstone carver who was very excited. That excitement was echoed by the barber to the refrain of "Forty-Seven-Hundred," which, along with the sporadic clip of the shears, stood between Harold's memory and the particular passage it sought as some insurmountable, nonsensical barrier.

"Forty-Seven-Hundred" was the amount of money in a new tomb commission that the carver had received that day.

"Not since Wilson's secretary died, I tell ya! None ton o' stone, a regular house I build. O' course they come to a reliable man like me for a big thing like this."

"Fawty-Seven-Hunnert dollar"

But Harold hadn't found it yet.

"I tell you da rich, dey even die rich. Regular house dey get. Nice and warm like dis shop, wit' a cannel burnin' dere all time."

"Perhaps they'd care for steam heat," but Harold was sorry he had said it. It left a funny tingle in his ears as some sour plum might in the teeth.

"That a good one. Steam heat. You hear dat, Mr. Evan, steam heat."

"Yeah, I heard it. Steam heat. Forty-Seven-Hunnert. That's a good one, steam heat."

They kept up the chatter and Harold couldn't set his mind on that trombone refrain. That nonsensical "Fawty-Seven-Hunnert" kept setting him off.

The barber turned for a moment to the radio. He flicked the dial towards the Italian Hour; but the trombone was unmistakable, though transient. It was a Layton record.

Harold was already out of the barber chair with, "Just a minute, Mr. Pazo." But he had upset the shaving mug near the mirror and the mess on the floor made Mr. Pazo angry. Harold stammered out his apologies and beat a retreat to the chair, where Mr. Pazo finished the haircut to the inane measures of a Neapolitan love song.

He got out of the shop as quickly as possible, leaving an extra-large tip; but it made no amends in Mr. Pazo's mind.

"Dat boy, mus' be little crazy."

"Yeh, a little crazy."

And it grew, this love of Layton's music, as some shy, reluctant growth that still bursts forth in luxuriance, though that luxuriance be private and, perhaps, untold: and with that perplexity of Yeats, "Who to know the dancer from the dance?", the big, hulking Negro seemed to force his very self into the muted trombone that Harold always heard; and the slow moan of the very grass, underfoot, was Layton, the constant beauty that lent itself to the variant themes.

Harold had never spoken to Layton, as if the lyric source itself must remain untapped, unharmed. Pablo had always urged him to, but the music alone seemed sufficient, or, at least, he told Pablo that. To reveal its complete personalization would have shamed him.

But Pablo was sick this Sunday and there was no danger of the embarrassment consequent on such an admission and the satisfaction of his desire to get acquainted with the "poet" himself.

Layton had been even better than usual today. There was an almost uncanny fluency about him, an ease and effortlessness that set him apart from the rest of the men, who lapsed into brazen choruses a little too easily.

After the session, Harold waited until Layton came up from the musician's room. As almost everybody had left, the waiters had turned the front lights down and Harold almost missed Layton going out; but, once having seen him, he walked over rapidly and nervously. There was a slight itch under his collar.

"Excuse me Mr. Layton, I wondered if you'd . . ."

"Sure man, let's just step over to the bar. Does get a little dry at times." He was loud, Layton, and his voice, almost raucous, seemed to grate against the silence. They walked over and sat down.

"What'll it be, J.C.?"

"Bourbon, and you?"

"Harold's the name, Harold Schoeneich. Just a beer, please."

"You been pretty steady here lately."

"I've been listening to your music for quite a while now."

"For some real stuff, you gotta hear me at the Savoy; man, they just rock an' stomp all night. I dish out some extra fi-ahn solos there, an' they just keep stompin' an' rockin'," and his hulk seemed to sway. "Fine stuff there too, hangin around, kinda loose, you know," and his half smile was leer by now, and his wink seemed to have its birth in another, and filthier, world.

"Man what stuff! Jus' ripe, you know," and the beer seemed as harsh to Harold as Layton's broad-check suit against the gloom.

"That Gut-Bucket solo is enough for me. That lyric line is . . "

"Man you shoulda' seen the crowd runnin' wild when I fust play that. They was stompin' an' rockin '. . ."

Layton had caught sight of her out of the side of his eye. She was big but well-built and "high yellow." She was waiting for him.

"Excuse me Harold, I'm a little late . . ."

And Harold's, "Sure, sure," was as flat as the beer, warm by now.

Layton made for his wallet, but Harold said he'd take care of it.

They went out together, Layton and the "high yellow."

"Who was that fellow pesterin' you, J.C.?"

Just some young kid botherin' me about my playin' . . ."

"Aw, he jus' don't understan' you, honey."

"Nobody understan' me like you do, sweet."

"Nobody."

The bill was a dollar-eighty and left Harold with only a quarter. Just another dime and he'd have enough for another one of those hellish records.

"That dumb, uncanny, hulk of a nigger, but the thought brought that sour plum back to his teeth again. Only the "uncanny" remained and the "Gut-Bucket" refrain, indecent, persistent, pure.

Even-tide

By JULIUS LIEBB

Roaring haste
And rushing tide
Of green and red-eyed monsters
Hurtling madly through cavernous darkness
Wailing clang of aimless street cars,
Shrieking cries of newsboys, truck drivers, and mendicants,
Grating harmony of organ grinders
Stifling voices of desultory crowds
And then—
Silence . . .

The soft sweet repose from labor's chores,
Reclining comfortably in deep sinking, velvet covered sofas
Dozing listlessly in gently swaying hammocks,
Warm caresses, limped eyes
Long flowing tresses blowing freely and easily in flower laden breezes
Dimpled cheeks,
Embracing chubby hands thrown wildly and gleefully around your neck
Love unsupassed, joy unremitting,
Wet kisses and affectionate ones
Tears and sobs and laughter too
Melodies in golden-voiced sighs
Blond, curly locks and laughing bright blue eyes
Lightly brushed with good-night kisses
Tears of gratitude
Welling up to overflow your cup of happiness
This is life's sacred nectar
Its fruit and flesh and essence
Its road, its goal,
Stray droplets from the drink of the gods
Too little to slake our thirst
Yet enough to inflame us with ardent desires
Specks of hope, of encouragement
Sparks of light to illumine the darkened way,
To keep alive the dying embers of faith
In a heart grown cold and strange . . .

Strange
However even when the last flicker
Is believed to have danced its Tarantella
When even the gibbering shadows have resigned themselves
To total blackness
The dazzling brilliance of a tiny drop
From the divine goblet
Overpowers the shadows and the darkness
And revives our flagging courage
To begin anew the rolling cycle,
Pushing the wheel of fate
Ever closer
To its finale . . .

Bitter Reflections

When the moonlight stares unknowing,
And the stars laugh in your face,
When the waters unmolested
Rush headlong in their pace,
When the perfumed dame and slavey
With stares, strike like a mace,
When the passing stranger passes
You in mad and pointless race:
Feel you lonely, bitter, unloved,
Neglected, scorned, disdained,
Were't not better in earth's bosom
To be laid at rest? What's gained
From yet desisting, hoping stone
Will change to love when naught restrained
Your joining cold embracing elements
Eternally to be retained.

Enigma

The G-d who made the tree
Made also me!
Who spread the verdure on the ground
Also made our mis'rable mound,
Who painted sky and morning star
Made blemishes that beauty mar,
Who wisely chose the seasons four
To misery He ope'd the door,
Who led men out from sightless caves
Also forged the chains of slaves,
Who gave men thought to ask of G-d
Retained the reason for this clod.

Futility

Struggle, strain, and drive yourself
Brave laborer in pain!
Think you that each drop of sweat
Another devil's slain?
Think you that your aching hands
A sinful deed's erased?
Think you that your gushing blood
Has made one man more chaste?
Think you that your groans of woe
Awaken hearts to sighs?
Think you that your doleful plight
Brings tears to mankind's eyes?
Think you that your shattered frame
Can carry granite blocks?
Think you that who mountains hewed
The cradle also rocks?
Then toil and sunder yonder crag
Engrave on it your moans
And let it stand for evermore
To crown your wasted bones.

By JULIUS LIEBB

MASMID 1945

Wait for Me, World

By the late Pvt. JEROME ROBBINS

Published in PM, May, 1944

Wait for me, World.

I have a rendezvous
far, far away.

It won't be play;
rather, shall we say,
business.

Where—I know not, nor do I know
whom I shall meet.

Yet this I know—
I must go.

I don't want to leave—
no one ever does;
yet there are times when one does
not what one wants,
but what one must.

So I must leave.

Before I go I exact a promise
from you;
The hope for its fulfillment
is all that sends me away now.

Promise to remain
the same
till my return,
No—not in all ways,
Change is part of life.

In fact, I might say I leave now
because I desire some changes
and want to help
bring them about.

Yet these are the things
which I hope
will ever be the same
forever more . . .

Promise me there will always be—
the sun and moon and stars
as signs of the Infinite;
exalting Man even as they
humble him.

Promise me there will always be—love;
The love of family,
whom I hurt momentarily
in order to bring them eventual
security;

Then love of friends,
whose warm smiles mean so much
more than can be put on paper;
and last, because the closest at
heart,
the love of one particular person—
a pure love, given freely,
completely, steadfastly
an intangible—like air—
which alone makes all tangibles
meaningful.

Promise me there will be
music and laughter—
the free, unforced laughter of untroubled
minds,
who fear not the horrible visage of
the idiot Mars.

Promise me there will be
freedom—
Not the freedom to starve
without restraint,
nor the freedom to crush
another under the false guise
of "business" or "politics"—
but freedom from want
and from fear;
freedom to say and do as
one wishes, without hurting an—
other.

These are the things for which I
will yearn—
have them ready for my return.

Remember, World—it is for
these I fight—
You must not fail me.
Once again, lest you forget—
Wait for me, World—
I will be back . . .

Two Elegies

By ALLEN MANDELBAUM

I.

For Anybody

Community of common joys
the sacrilege of summer nights
and chatter of young girls, the voice
of idleness that rises on the soft,
remembered lips, unidolized:
apprised of death we shudder momentarily
and vent well-meant, self-conscious sighs
(the regimen of grief
is short
and skeletal relief
against the mind
is soon calcined);
yet this,
the indistinct, dim dust of moments
gathered as slow flesh of past
to clothe this present's meager bones.

II.

For Ernst Toller

The gull's white blob of madness,
alien vein in marble flat, blue, sane, serene of sea
can know but agony
of soar and wing
and turn-away of soul from massy things;
but, knowing this, can sing in fitful turnings
of the body grown articulate with opiate,
the wind's liba—
tion; metaphor,
and think its ardent swoop and strive more pure:
then turn and start at its own fashionings,
implicit anguish in the flight, hiatus
of heart, the incubus
oblivion in
its threadbare shield of sense and skin,
though borne aloft, and sense the ordered sea's
indifference to pattern of its pain,
endures the alien vein
and sings barbaric song,
beatitude of motion, in a tongue
of terror no deaf Babylons can hear:
(in this, the private passage, who to share the private fear?)

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